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IN PICTORIAL ART

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE
FROM A DRAWING BY SYDNEY R. JONES

SHAKESPEARE IN PICTORIAL ART

SHAKESPEARE, of course, never saw his writings pictorially illustrated, any more than he saw his plays presented in the theatre with illusion of reality in scenic expression, such as, till recently, the modern playgoer has been expected to demand as the *sine quâ non* of a Shakespearean performance. Yet we may find in the plays and the poems indications of his mental attitude towards the painter's art, while more than one passage seems to me to give us quite definitely his ideals of illustration. There is the elaborate description of that "piece of skilful painting made for Priam's Troy," in the "Rape of Lucrece," so realistic that it moves the distraught Lucrece to tear with her nails one of the pictured figures who reminds her of the living cause of her own great wrong. Then, there is the passage in "The Taming of the Shrew," where, in the Induction, the Lord and his servants are playing off their practical joke upon the drunken tinker, Christopher Sly.

SEC. SERV. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERV. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Now, whether Shakespeare is here describing pictures which he may possibly have seen either in the originals or in reproductive engravings, or, as Sir Sidney Colvin learnedly suggests, in tapestries of the fifteenth century, or is merely drawing upon his boundless imagination for illustrations of some of those incidents of classical mythology with which he was so familiar, and which he delighted to vivify with the magic of his poetry, he certainly shows that imitative rather than suggestive realism, with vivacity of presentment, is the pictorial quality he most values. The sedges "seem to move and wanton" with the breath of the beauty-goddess; the unhappy metamorphosis of Jove-loved Io is painted with an effect of vivid illusion; and as for Daphne's wounds in evading the amorous pursuit of Apollo, they and the Sungod's pitying tears are depicted with a "workmanly" draughtsmanship that achieves a convincing realism.

It has been assumed, from such-like references in the plays, that Shakespeare loved painting, and Professor Raleigh goes so far as to infer that he was "familiar with a whole gallery of Renaissance pictures," and

drew upon his reminiscences of them for the subject-matter of his poems, as well as for many descriptive allusions in his plays. If this were actually so, one would certainly have to believe that Shakespeare saw these pictures during a period of Continental travel in the earlier part of his career, and that possibly he visited Venice. Otherwise, considering the scanty opportunities for seeing Italian painting in England in those days, he might easily have taken his ideas of pictorial illustration from prints. That a picture should tell a story, and tell it convincingly, was for him all that mattered. Of artistic beauty of design, of the painter's poetry, in those pictures to which the miserable Lucrece goes for solace, Shakespeare gives us no hint; for him the "well-skilled workman" was the painter who could move the spectator with pictorial illusion; not necessarily the artistic creator, but in fact the illustrator *par excellence*. Yet, after all, was Shakespeare's knowledge of Italian painting so considerable? It is permissible to doubt it. To the one painter he names, "that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," he makes one of the "Gentlemen" in "A Winter's Tale" attribute the statue of Hermione, and speak of the artist, in reference to his supposed sculpture, as being the "perfect ape" of Nature. Then, in "Timon of Athens," he seems to interpret what he takes to be the painter's ideal, when he lets the Painter say of his own picture that it is a "pretty mocking of the life," though in the Poet's judgment of the work Shakespeare would appear to reveal a more imaginative vision.

> "How this grace
> Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
> This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
> Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
> One might interpret."

This is probably a reminiscence of an impression that some fine piece of portraiture, perhaps by one of the great Venetians, may have left upon Shakespeare's mind; yet the Poet, in the play, thus sums up his eulogy:

> "I'll say of it,
> It tutors nature: artificial strife
> Lives in these touches, livelier than life."

Now, this might suggest, either that the painter has overstepped the "modesty of nature," or that Shakespeare, much as he may have delighted in pictures, had no finer perception of the artistic significance of painting, as the great masters have always understood it, than had Dryden and Pope when they penned their extravagant eulogies of Kneller.

> "Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
> Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die."

On the other hand, Shakespeare's "It tutors nature," might be interpreted to an analogy with Whistler's famous passage in his "Ten O'Clock," wherein, after the startling assertion that "Nature is very

rarely right," he shows that not Nature, but the artist by his science of selecting and grouping the pictorial elements in Nature, creates the beauty of the picture. But whether Shakespeare had, or had not, any considerable knowledge of pictures matters little, his own pictorial imagination being so independent, great, and wonderful that he could suggest a picture with a few magic words. Think of that moonlit scene in the last act of "The Merchant of Venice"; what power of paint or graphic line could summon to immediate visual imagination, with equal beauty of expression, the exquisite succession of pictures which the words of Lorenzo and Jessica present to us?

LOR. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

LOR. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Has any painter ever come near to suggesting the poetry of this scene, with all its lyric rapture, all its enchanting atmosphere of romance? What illustration could convey the sense of its beauty? A romantic landscape, suffused with moonlight, and two lovers sitting close together on a bench looking unutterable nothings, will never do this, for the whole spirit of the scene is in the calling, the seeking, the drawing together, of parted lovers expressive in those word-pictures of Troilus, Thisbe, and Dido. And in like manner so much of Shakespeare would seem to be beyond the mere illustrator's art, though with much more artistic effect the spirit and sense of a scene may be interpreted with a mere pictorial suggestion in a design that has no definite illustrative aim. That it shall stimulate imagination is, I take it, the true purpose of illustration—that, with expressive suggestion, it shall have also the appeal of decorative beauty is to reach the ideal, an ideal that is far to seek in all the earlier attempts to illustrate Shakespeare, and still rare in the later.

Had Shakespeare ever troubled himself about the publication of his plays and poems, it would certainly never have seemed to him practicable that they should be illustrated. There were in his lifetime no artists in England who could have illustrated them. There were such celebrated portrait-painters as Marcus Gheraerts, Cornelis Janssens, and Lucas de Heere; there were native limners, or miniaturists, like Nicholas

Hilliard and Isaac Oliver, and, if we were to accept as authentic all the supposititious portraits of the poet, we should have to believe that he was personally acquainted with a very large number of painters, to some of whom at least, as he sat for his portraits, he would probably impart his pictorial imaginings. But the scenic portrait-group was not to come into fashion until the eighteenth century, and the idea of going to the plays and poems of the period for subjects for imaginative pictures was not entertained by painters in England till much later than Shakespeare's day. And though it was within his lifetime that it became the custom to issue books with engraved pictorial title-pages, the art of illustration in this country was in the most primitive state. In 1591, about the very time that Shakespeare's earliest comedies saw the light, was issued Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," done at the express command of Queen Elizabeth as a capricious punishment for a piece of her godson's "sauciness," with Cockson's engraved decorative title-page, and some forty-six illustrations. These were of a quaint primitively panoramic character, and "all cut in brasse," as the advertisement bravely boasted. Such a novelty in book-illustration was this claimed to be by the courtly translator, that he naïvely expatiated on the purpose of the illustrator's art. "The use of the picture is evident, which is that (having read over the book) you may reade it (as it were againe) in the very picture, and one thing is to be noted, which everyone (haply) will not observe, namely the perspective in every figure. For the personages of man, the shapes of horses, and such like, are made large at the bottom, and lessen upward, as if you were to behold all the same in a plaine—that which is nearest seems greatest, and the fardes shewes smaller, which is the chief art in picture."

That a man of Sir John Harington's parts should have deemed it necessary to write in this elementary fashion for the edification of the more or less scholarly readers at Elizabeth's court would imply that the prevalent ideas of illustration were extremely crude. Shakespeare could hardly have failed to see Harington's "Orlando," and when he looked at the plates, with their childish explanatory descriptions, he may well have exclaimed "Save me from the illustrator!"

Perhaps it was a realization of the impossibility of obtaining from among the designers and engravers of the day any pictorial design worthy to "embellish" the title-page of their edition of their friend Shakespeare's collected works, that induced Heminge and Condell to ignore the growing custom of the time, and present the First Folio with a title-page of simple unadorned type. That there was added nothing more pictorial in the volume than Martin Droeshout's crudely drawn and engraved, though undoubtedly authentic, portrait of the poet, is matter for thanks—for, after all, Martin Droeshout, like his brother John, was an illustrator of a kind, and since satirical humour was part of his stock-in-trade, he might well have fancied himself as a pictorial

interpreter of Shakespeare's comedies. But why, it may be asked, was so immature an engraver entrusted with the doing of the portrait, considering the importance of the book, when there were available far better engravers, such as the Van de Passes, Delaram, Elstrack, John Payne, Hole, and William Marshall?

Martin Droeshout was not born till 1601, as we learn from the registers of the Dutch Church in Austinfriars, and was therefore no more than fifteen at the time of Shakespeare's death. He was but twenty-two when he engraved the portrait, which, owing to the immortal greatness of its subject, and its own indisputable authenticity, has, despite its artistic crudeness, become as famous and important, perhaps, as any of the masterpieces of portraiture by the great painters. Yet this portrait represents the poet as a youngish man, and not in middle age, as the youthful engraver might easily have remembered seeing him, before his retirement to Stratford, going to or from the Mermaid Tavern; for the boy's home was close by, in or near Bread Street, Cheapside, in which street was one of the entrances to the famous convivial haunt of Shakespeare and his poet-friends. It would seem likely, therefore, that an early portrait of the poet existed, to which Martin Droeshout had access. Why may we not suppose this to have been painted by one of the Flemish artists belonging to the alien colony that worshipped in Austinfriars, close to St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, where Shakespeare was living while writing his earliest plays? The painter may even have been a connection of the Droeshout family, for among them were professional artists; and the phrased inscription, in the absurdly sententious manner of Shakespeare's clowns, which occurs on a print by Michael Droeshout, Martin's father, leads me to imagine a possible passing acquaintance between poet and engraver. Now, it is quite conceivable that Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's fellow-players, knew of this early portrait, and, when they were about to publish the collection of his plays, bethought them of it as the best, if not the only, portrait of the poet available, and commissioned young Droeshout, who possibly had made a drawing of it in black-and-white, to engrave it for the Folio. That his pleasant boyish memories of the gentle-hearted, sweet-humoured poet influenced his translation of the painting we may well believe, especially when we look at the engaging boyish aspect in that unique early proof of the engraving, which that indefatigable student of Shakespearean portraiture, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, has lately enabled us to see in facsimile, and compare with the finished state, that has heavy work added to convey the impression of an older man, as doubtless required by the publishers of the Folio. This finished plate is seen here in reproduction (p. 7) from the brilliant print in the famous "Daniel" copy of the First Folio, perhaps the finest of the very few perfect copies existing, which was purchased by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1864. If there had been a better and more matured

portrait of Shakespeare available when William Marshall was called upon to engrave one for the edition of the "Poems" published in 1640—seventeen years after the First Folio—would not Marshall naturally have used it instead of copying Droeshout's print in reverse?

But what of the original painting? Mr. Spielmann, who has so exhaustively examined every portrait with any pretension to represent Shakespeare, that one might almost say, what he doesn't know about the subject "isn't knowledge," has convincingly disposed of the claims of the so-called "Flower" portrait at Stratford. But there remains the "Felton," and of all the portraits supposed to give us the very face of Shakespeare—not excluding even the respectably pedigreed "Chandos," which Kneller copied for Dryden in 1693, and the "Lumley," which certainly resembles it, and, in spite of sundry adventures, is said to have belonged to the Lord Lumley who died in 1609—this seems to me the only one that defies with its own veracity all adverse argument as to its authenticity. That it turned up mysteriously at an auction sale in 1792, and was "knocked down" to a Mr. Felton, of Shropshire, for five guineas, and the auctioneer trumped up a flimsy story to back its claims, appears to me of little consequence. Nor need one be influenced by the ardent advocacy of George Steevens, Dr. Johnson's collaborator in Shakespearean editorship, any more than was the playgoing public of his day by his attempt to make it accept Frances Kemble, Mrs. Siddons's charming sister—"the sweetest companion in the world"—as a great actress, because he was in love with her, and wanted to marry her.

That this much-debated picture, which, since its discovery in 1792, has changed hands only once or twice between Felton's proprietorship and that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, is a genuine painting of the period on a wooden panel several distinguished painters are said to have testified, Fuseli going so far as to pronounce it the work of a Flemish painter, which I think very likely. But to me its convincing appeal is in the extraordinarily arresting physiognomy; as I look at it, I feel instinctively that here is a poet who might possibly have written Shakespeare's plays. This is not affected by any question as to the genuineness or otherwise of the inscription at the back of the picture—"Gul. Shakspear 1597, R. N.," or R. B. if it be so deciphered, to make it tally with the theory that it was painted by Richard Burbage, the greatest actor of Shakespeare's day. The picture speaks for itself, and it speaks for a Shakespeare, I, for one, can believe in.

As to this having been the original on which the young Droeshout based his engraving, no convincing argument, I think, has been urged to the contrary, although the painter's intellectual rendering of the poet's face is but superficially reproduced, if at all, by the immature engraver. The difference between the curiously lank wave of the hair in the print, and the curlier appearance in the painting, as, indeed,

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

Mr. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

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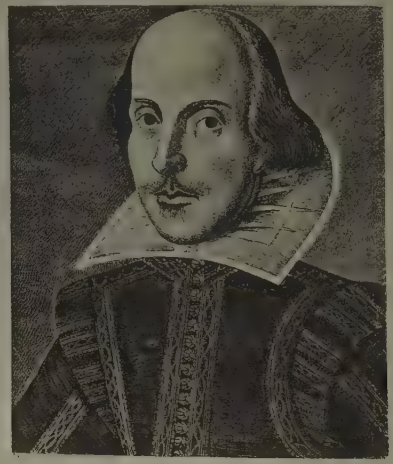
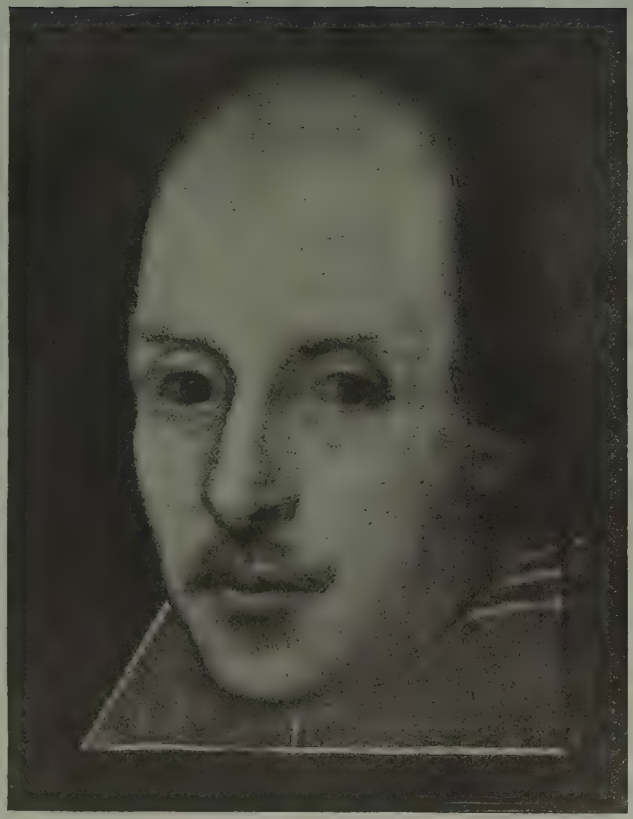


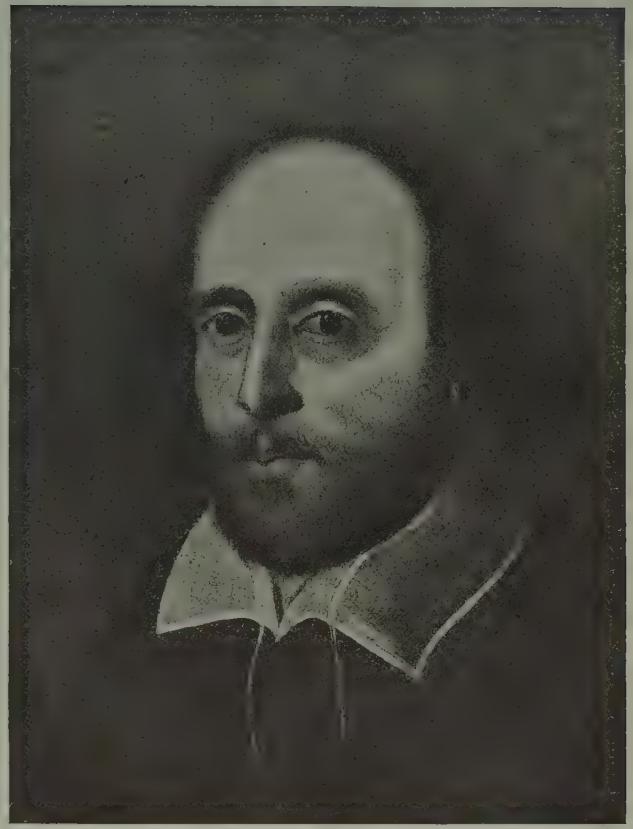
LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623

(*From the "Daniel" copy of the First Folio in the possession of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.*)

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO, WITH THE "DROESHOUT" PORTRAIT



THE "FELTON" PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE



THE "LUMLEY" PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

(From the originals in the possession of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.)

the hair is seen in the "Chandos" and other portraits, according to the fashion of the time, is such a difference as was common in the reproductive engravings of the seventeenth century. But even Cochrane's well-known engraving of the picture, done since its discovery, misrepresents it, notably in making the moustache turn down instead of up, as is shown in the reproduction, which Mr. Burdett-Coutts has kindly allowed us to make direct from the picture. This trivial detail would be scarcely worth mentioning if it were not one of the arguments Mr. Spielmann brings to support a suggestion that this accomplished painting was actually copied from, or adapted to resemble, a rather clumsy reproduction of Droeshout's engraving, printed as a frontispiece to the Rev. S. Ayscough's edition of Shakespeare's works, issued in 1790, two years before the "Felton" portrait turned up, and announced as a "striking likeness by W. Sherwin" from the original in the Folio.

At this period there was only one known engraver named Sherwin, and it is incredible that so accomplished an artist as John Keyes Sherwin, who with grace and variety of line engraved finely, among other things, important portraits by Gainsborough and Reynolds in 1787 and died in 1790, can have done this poor rendering of the Shakespeare portrait. But in the seventeenth century there was an amateur named William Sherwin, who signed his prints "W. Sherwin," and was engraving in line as early as 1660, and in 1669 did the earliest dated English mezzotint, the method of which he learnt from Prince Rupert himself. A few unequal line engravings of his exist, and one or two of merit, done in 1670-80, and in each portrait the curls of the long perukes of his day are treated in a manner similar to those in the Shakespeare "likeness" in the Ayscough edition. Sherwin lived till 1714, and it is quite possible that he copied the Droeshout print in one of the later Folio editions, and, living in the age of periwigs, altered the hair to the curly fashion. His old copper-plate may have been available for printing in 1790. So in the fascinating mystery of Shakespearean portraiture one must always surmise, suppose, and conjecture.

II

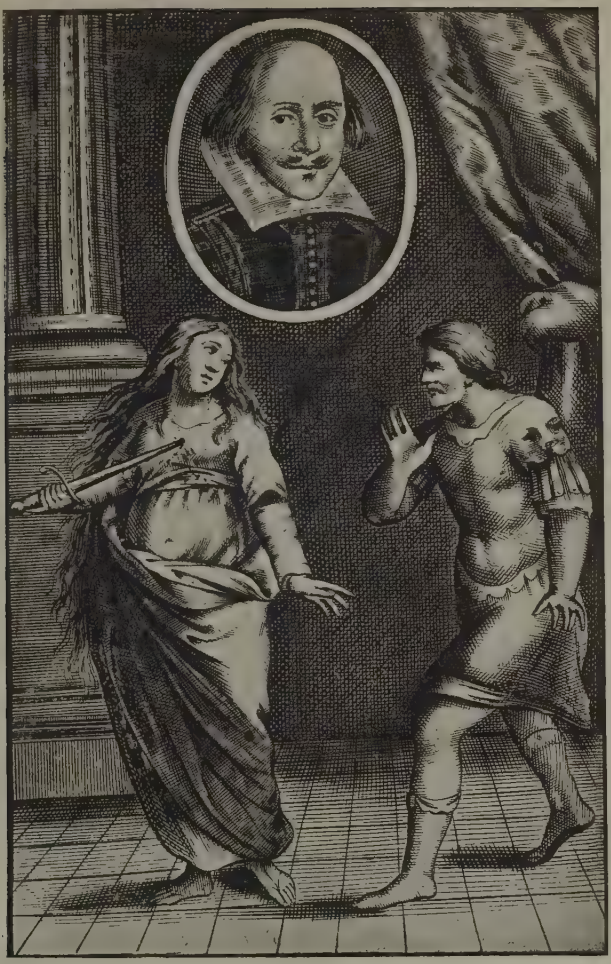
There appears to have been no attempt to illustrate any writing of Shakespeare's until 1655, when, sixty-one years after its original publication, "The Rape of Lucrece," "by the incomparable master of our English Poetry, Will. Shakespeare, Gent." was issued with a supplementary poem, "The Banishment of Tarquin," by John Quarles. As a frontispiece to this very rare little volume we have Lucrece awkwardly stabbing herself with a small sword, while Collatine, her husband, stands close by in a stagey attitude of horrified amazement. The designer had evidently seen Marcantonio's fine print of "The Death of Lucrece," but his remembrance of it had been of little artistic service, for this earliest

Shakespearean illustration is a very poor thing, and, though it is attributed to Faithorne, I have too much admiration for that distinguished engraver to acquiesce in discrediting him with the attribution. The small inset portrait of the poet is a reversed version of Droeshout's.

The plays, meanwhile, called, it seems, for no more illustration than that afforded by the actors upon the stage, with the great Betterton at their head, and this despite the fact that since the publication of the First Folio in 1623, three other folio editions had been issued, in 1632, 1663-4, and 1685. With the commencement of the eighteenth century, however, the illustration of Shakespeare's plays began, the first illustrated issue being that in which we find the earliest attempt at Shakespearean editorship. This was published in 1709 by Jacob Tonson, the celebrated bookseller, and the editor was Nicholas Rowe, George I's poet-laureate, and one of the most successful dramatists of Queen Anne's reign, to whose "Fair Penitent," which held the stage so long, we owe the proverbial "gay Lothario." The illustrations are anonymous, amusingly unimaginative, and mainly derivative from the theatre. It was this edition that Charles Lamb said he preferred to the First Folio for reading—the "common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with plates, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakespeare Gallery engravings, which did." We need not, of course, take this literally; but, on the other hand, a well-known Shakespearean student wrote to me recently concerning this edition, "the illustrations are so disgraceful that they would not bear reproduction, as they are about the worst in the world." Of course they are comically bad, but they have their pioneer place in the history of Shakespearean illustration, and four examples are, therefore, included among the reproductions in this volume (p. 49).

In 1709, it must be remembered, the day of the book-illustrator in England had not arrived, and the readers of Shakespeare cannot, up to the publication of Rowe's edition, have been exceedingly numerous. The popular conceptions of the scenes of the plays were, therefore, inseparable from the stage-representations, and the personalities of the players. Anachronism was the rule in the matter of theatrical costume, and then, as indeed throughout the eighteenth century, and as it had been in Shakespeare's own day, the actors would play any parts, other than Greek or Roman, in the costumes of contemporary fashion. When an "antique Roman" or Greek had to be impersonated, there would be a sort of attempt to dress the part in something suggestive of "classic" garb, though the actresses would rarely, if ever, condescend to exchange their own fashionable skirts and bodices for the stola of the Roman women or the peplum of the Greek. The theatre wardrobe would comprise a curious medley of garments of recent fashions, among which might be survivals from many previous decades. Small wonder, then,

WILLIAM FAITHORNE *(attributed to)*



(From a print in the British Museum)

FRONTISPIECE TO "THE RAPE OF LUCRECE"
(John Quarle's Edition, published in 1655)

that these plates of 1709, put forward at a time when illustration was little understood, lacking pictorial imagination as they do, and drawn only from the scenic conventions of the theatre, should be full of absurd anachronisms and incongruities, and yet have been accepted as illustrations of Shakespeare's plays. The church scene in "Much Ado about Nothing" is typical. In front of a faked altar, on which one angel sits playing a harp and another stands singing, we have a matronly Hero swooning in a stiff costume of the Queen Anne fashion, while Claudio and the others wear the contemporary flowing perukes and long-laced coats, and the Duke is in the mode of Charles I. As for any dramatic expression of the scene, there is nothing to suggest it. This is merely a group of posturing players "signifying nothing." Then, look at the absurd illustration of "As You Like It." purporting to represent the romantic comedy of Orlando and Rosalind in the Forest of Arden! Still more ridiculous in its incongruity is the unveiling and discovery of Hermione as the statue in "A Winter's Tale," Hermione as a modish lady of Queen Anne's day, and Leontes in a Roman toga. Macbeth with the Witches, in the fourth act, watching the apparitions of the Kings and the murdered Banquo in a long periwig, is a dapper, rotund, well-dressed little gentleman, who might have come straight from a promenade with Lord Foppington in the Mall, or be on his way to sit with Mr. Addison at Button's Coffee House. One would never associate him with the dark mysterious doings of Shakespearean tragedy. Perhaps the most curious of all these illustrations is the scene between Hamlet and his mother, with the Ghost intervening. The Queen, as she sits in the centre, under the portrait of her late husband, obviously by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and doubtless a "very formidable likeness," might be posing for Queen Anne herself, while Hamlet in a flowing wig and black suit of the period, with one leg having its garter awry and stocking down, to suggest his "antic disposition," is apparently acting to the ghost, who, in a suit of armour, raises his hands in the manner of a musical conductor hushing an orchestra to a *pianissimo* passage. Betterton was the great Hamlet of this time, as he had been for half a century, and in the Garrick Club there is a picture of him playing in this very scene with the famous Mrs. Barry, both in the costumes of their own day. This illustration in the book, therefore, would not seem incongruous; it would merely suggest the scene as familiar upon the stage. So the "Henry VIII" scene, with the three Tudor peers in the background, dressed and bewigged exactly as Dick Steele would belike have been, as he sat writing, at White's Chocolate House in April of this same year, 1709, that *Tatler* paper in which he urged that the effect or Shakespearean drama presented upon the stage could be even more edifying than that of a battle-picture by Le Brun, heart-moving as that might be. Imagine so human a man as Dick Steele being under the illusion that he found a classic battle-picture by Le Brun affecting! No

wonder, then, that, when pleading for the greater encouragement of Shakespeare upon the stage, he saw no reason to plead at the same time for greater appropriateness and congruity in the stage-presentation.
So these plates in the earliest illustrated edition of Shakespeare did not presumably strike contemporary readers as ridiculous, for they were repeated and re-engraved in smaller size for Theobald's edition of 1734. But the next attempt at illustrating the plays was one of more imaginative quality. This was in the edition by Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker of the House of Commons, published at Oxford in 1743-4, and the plates were designed by Francis Hayman, the master of Gainsborough, and one of the original members of the Royal Academy. They were engraved by Hubert François Gravelot, the accomplished French designer-engraver, who was working in England for some twenty years, and influenced English book-illustrators in the direction of grace and delicacy. This influence is certainly reflected in the Shakespearean illustrations of Hayman, who began his career as a scene-painter at Drury Lane, and painted pictures, including four with subjects from Shakespeare, for the decoration of Vauxhall Gardens. In his plates for Hanmer's edition he did not escape from the convention of contemporary costume. Miranda is a society-girl of the period, and Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep in the fashion of George II's day; but some of the designs are quite in the spirit of the play, pictorially good in their scenic grouping, and dramatically vivacious. Among the happiest are Valentine rescuing Silvia from Proteus, while Julia looks on aghast, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"; the last scene of the fourth act in "The Comedy of Errors"; Boyet with the Princess and her ladies in "Love's Labour's Lost," showing a gracious sense of comedy; the scenes in "The Taming of the Shrew," Katharina and Petruchio on horseback; "Twelfth Night," Olivia unveiling to a strutting Viola; "King Lear," the sense of storm effectively conveyed; and the Temple Gardens scene in the First Part of "Henry VI." As a scene-painter, it is not surprising that Hayman should have selected the play-scene in "Hamlet." Having engraved Hayman's designs for Shakespeare with a delicate line new to English engraving of the period, save, of course, in his own work, Gravelot some nine years later undertook to illustrate Shakespeare with designs of his own, and these, engraved by G. Vandergucht, appeared in Theobald's edition of 1752. Four of the plates are illustrated here (p. 50), and although it can hardly be said that they have much of Shakespearean expression in them, they are graceful designs, light and delicate in conception and touch, but French in spirit and style. Ferdinand carrying the log for Miranda might have stepped out of a French romance of the period; so might Orlando, who has just thrown Charles the wrestler. There is a sense of Gallic design in the "balcony scene" in "Antony and Cleopatra"; while the Louis Quinze manner is writ all over the Duke and Claudio, in "Much Ado," stand-

ing in front of the supposed tomb of Hero, and reading her epitaph, dressed as fine gentlemen of the period, and carrying their hats under their arms as if they were waiting to enter the Salon of Madame de Pompadour. In the last scene of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" —the favourite of so many artists—Gravelot shows us Julia recovering from her faint, and Proteus standing over her.

The illustrator of the eighteenth century did not probe very deeply into the dramatic spirit of the poet, but Shakespearean scenes were beginning to prove attractive, and, without any great strain of scenic imagination, the illustrators supplied the demand. Such publications as Charles Taylor's "Picturesque Beauties of Shakespeare," with plates designed by Robert Smirke and Thomas Stothard, and engraved by the publisher in 1783-7, seem to have been encouraged, though the plates were of no particular importance compared with the illustrations of the poet which both artists were to do for later publications. Shakespeare certainly loomed large in the illustrative ventures of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the opening years of the nineteenth, and the plays and poems engaged the industry of many of the popular illustrators of the time, such as, besides Stothard and Smirke, Richard Westall, E. F. Burney, Richard Cook, T. Kirk, John Thurston, Henry Singleton, Massey Wright, and H. Corbould. Even the vivacious amateur caricaturist Henry Bunbury addressed himself to the picturing of Shakespeare, but it can hardly be said that the twenty drawings he made in water-colour, which were engraved in stipple, and published in 1794 with the appeal of colours as well as monochrome, showed that his imagination, or his art, was equal to his task. Perhaps they are no more artificial in conception than most of the Shakespearean illustrations of the period, the inspiration of which we may trace in the contemporary theatrical prints.

It had become the practice of the favourite players to have their portraits painted in those characters and scenes in which they had won popularity, and the print-sellers found engravings of these very profitable. So we see how the painters, instead of attempting an imaginative interpretation of the scene, and using the actors' personalities merely for their pictorial needs, represented the particular posturings in which the actors were accustomed to make their points, and secure the plaudits of the audience. For instance, in the Balcony Scene in "Romeo and Juliet," as performed in the seventeen-fifties (p. 72), we see the handsome and elegant Spranger Barry, Garrick's rival Romeo, and generally accounted the superior, especially in the garden scenes, performing his courtship in one of those attitudes of "noble ardour" which so enraptured the lady playgoers of the day; while Miss Nossiter, a young actress of short but promising career, who was in love with the actor, is languishing down upon him from the balcony. Of the poetic rapture of this immortal scene of Shakespeare there is, of course, no hint; and,

but for the balcony, who would guess the persons to be Romeo and Juliet? Again, we have the scene between the King, Hubert, and the Messenger, in the last act of "King John," painted by Mortimer and mezzotinted by Val Green (p. 73), giving us portraits of William Powell, Bensley, and "Gentleman" Smith, as they played the scene at Covent Garden in 1767. Lamb praises Bensley for his "swell of soul"; of Powell's acting Dibdin said it was "strong nature, luxuriant as a wilderness. He felt so forcibly that in any impassioned scene tears came faster than words, and frequently choked his utterance." Look at him as King John, crying, "Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up." In J. R. Smith's print of the duel-scene in "Twelfth Night," as acted in 1774 by the charming Miss Younge, famous later as Mrs. Pope, Dodd, Lamb's ideal Aguecheek, Love, and Waldron (p. 74), it is interesting to trace that sense of the theatrical tableau which Wheatley, the painter, carried so light-heartedly to his work for the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery. This scenic sense, rather than pictorial imagination, we need not be surprised to find prevailing among the artists, as we turn to that first serious attempt to bring the art of the painter into direct interpretative relation with that of the dramatic poet. This famous enterprise originated in a dinner-table conversation, in November 1787, at the house in Hampstead of Josiah Boydell, the painter-engraver, and nephew of Alderman John Boydell, in whose print-selling business he was an active partner. The company included Benjamin West, George Romney, Paul Sandby, Hayley (poet of sorts and biographer of Romney), Hoole (the translator of Tasso), Braithwaite, the engineer, and Nichols, the learned printer and literary anecdotist. These were complimenting the Alderman on his great efforts in the interests of English engraving, which had resulted in a vast export business in English prints, and the payment during his lifetime to British painters and engravers of no less a sum than £300,000. The old Alderman replied that he wished to do still more. Foreigners, he urged, continued to maintain that the English could paint only portraits, and lacked any genius for what was then considered the noblest branch of pictorial art, historical painting, a reproach which he wished to help our artists to remove. He was sure that British painters needed only such encouragement as he was anxious to give, and fitting subject-matter to inspire them. Could any of the company suggest a worthy field of inspiration? Nichols, the printer, was up on the instant. The subject-matter, he said, was obvious and beyond question; the one national source of worthy pictorial subjects was, of course, ready to hand in the works of Shakespeare. This idea was eagerly discussed, and with so much favour that, before the company separated, the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery had come within the range of practical politics. It was a little out of Paul Sandby's line, but Romney and West were presumably enlisted on the spot. All the leading painters of the day were invited to paint pictures appropriate to the

scheme, and many of the principal engravers were engaged to translate them to copper. By 1789 the enterprise was well on its way, many of the pictures were painted, and a gallery in Pall Mall had been built for their exhibition. With the first catalogue, the brave Alderman issued his pronouncement on that artistic fetish of the time, Historical Painting, with some special pleading for Shakespearean illustration.

"Though I believe it will be readily admitted," he wrote, "that no subjects seem so proper to form an English school of Historical Painting, as the scenes of the immortal Shakespeare ; yet it must be always remembered that he possessed powers which no pencil can reach ; for such was the force of his creative imagination, that though he frequently goes beyond nature, he still continues to be natural, and seems only to do that which nature would have done, had she o'erstep'd her usual limits. It must not, then, be expected that the art of the Painter can ever equal the sublimity of our Poet. The strength of Michael Angelo, united to the grace of Raphael, would here have laboured in vain. For what pencil can give to his airy beings 'a local habitation and a name'? It is therefore hoped that the spectator will view these Pictures with this regard, and not allow his imagination, warmed by the magic powers of the Poet, to expect from Painting what Painting cannot perform."

As to the merits of the pictures, Boydell, who spent a hundred thousand pounds on the undertaking, would not commit himself, though he declared his belief that there never had been a perfect Picture (he always spelt the word with a capital P) in all the three great requisites of Composition, Colouring, and Design, and he deprecated any expectation of finding such a phenomenon in the Shakespeare Gallery. But when Edmund Burke described the whole thing to Sir Joshua Reynolds as a "very extraordinary undertaking," the President of the Royal Academy, who by the pictures he painted for the Shakespeare Gallery proved emphatically that for Historical Painting he lacked the necessary imagination, is reported to have answered: "It is so, I confess; it surprises me. I am sensible that no single school at present in Europe could produce so many good pictures, and if they did they would have a monotonous sameness ; they would be all Roman or Venetian, Flemish or French : whereas, you may observe here, as an emblem of the Freedom of the Country, every artist has taken a different road to what he conceives to be excellence, and many have obtained the goal."

Boydell certainly gave the painters a great opportunity, and at least they rallied bravely to the attack. In their numbers they came at the call of the enterprising publisher : Reynolds, Romney, West, Opie, Hoppner, Northcote, Angelica Kauffman, Fuseli, Mather Brown, John Downman, James Barry, Wheatley, Westall, Smirke, Ramberg, Stothard, Kirk, Rigaud, Peters, Hodges, Wright of Derby, and the rest, all ready to tackle Shakespeare with pencil and brush. The thirty-seven plays had to be painted, and the distribution of the various scenes among the

painters must have been a puzzling matter. Of course, there were bound to be a good many square pegs in round holes. It is said that Sir Joshua was drawn into the scheme with some reluctance, yet how, in addition to the delightfully tricksy "Puck," for which he certainly had the requisite fancy, he could have brought himself to select for treatment subjects so alien to his genius and temperament as the "Death of Cardinal Beaufort," and Macbeth's encounter with the "secret, black and midnight hags," in the fourth act of the play, bewilders understanding. There were so many charming young women among Sir Joshua's sitters who could have posed admirably for scenes in which Beatrice or Rosalind or Katharina, or any others of the comedy heroines, might have made her picturesque appeal to the great painter's fancy. One could say the same of Romney, when one looks at his unimaginative attempt to bring into pictorial relation on the same scale Prospero and Miranda, watching from the shore, and the shipwrecked crowd upon the decks of the doomed vessel. As they discussed the great project of Shakespearean illustration, over Josiah Boydell's dinner-table, Romney's earlier enthusiasm for historical painting doubtless revived, and he saw himself painting pictures on the heroic scale, instead of mere portraits of the beautiful and fashionable women who sat in the studio in Cavendish Square. Happily, however, his truer artistic self asserted itself even in association with the Boydell Shakespeare, and though, in "The Infant Shakespeare attended by Nature and the Passions," he tried allegorical expression, with something of Fuseli's manner and something of his own, he was happily inspired to paint a picture of a nude infant trying to play upon a pipe, and being caressed by two lovely women in a woodland glade, which he called "Shakespeare at Nurse" (p. 31). If this can scarcely be called historical painting, and adds nothing to Shakespearean illustration, it is certainly one of the pleasantest of the Boydell Shakespeare pictures.

Of how many of these can it be justly said that they are true illustrations of Shakespearean scenes and characters, and at the same time good pictures? In the majority the artist appears to have mistaken scenic invention for pictorial imagination; and even when he has attempted to express the poet's conception rather than the stage-manager's, it is rare to find a true pictorial basis for his treatment of the dramatic situation. When these Boydell pictures were being painted, it was a period of manners, not of romance, and it is instructing to compare them, as the present volume allows, with the treatment of similar Shakespearean subjects by the painters of later date, for whom that romantic feeling, without which it were hopeless to attempt any true illustration of Shakespeare, was dominant in their artistic expression.

In Hoppner's only contribution to the Boydell Shakespeare, a very dramatic scene from "Cymbeline," he certainly did get near the illustration of his text. "Look," cries the heart-wounded Imogen to Pisanio,

who is agonized by the thought of his cruel duty, "I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart." She bares her bosom for the fatal stroke, as she offers the sword, while the faithful Pisanio, his loyalty torn both ways, stands irresolute, with his mind and feelings struggling. The painter has not troubled himself to suggest any illusion as to the period of the play : his Imogen is dressed pretty much as his Miranda is, in the fancy-portrait for which the handsome Mrs. Michael Angelo Taylor posed, so well known through James Ward's fine mezzotint. But there Miranda is just an attractive young woman standing on the seashore, in dainty rosetted shoes, with the wind in her flowing skirts, and suggesting no connection whatever with Shakespeare's poetic creation ; whereas here, though it may not be at all easy to imagine this an ancient British princess, her expressive attitude and aspect can certainly be accepted as truly belonging to this particular scene in this particular play. Moreover, the scenic environment is in harmony with the human emotion of the scene, and the composition does not suggest merely a tableau on the stage, after the manner of so many of the so-called historical painters of the day. There is really a sense of dramatic vitality in the group. That specious painter Richard Westall also gives us Imogen, and in this pretty girlish figure—"in boy's clothes"—outside the cave of Belarius, he hits off the feminine timidity indicated by her words, "Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't." Yet it is no less a theatrical figure than is the Viola of Miss Younge, the actress, in Wheatley's duel-scene from "Twelfth Night."

For theatrical tableau which has neither emotional impulse nor true pictorial motive, look at Wheatley's representation of the final scene in "All's Well that Ends Well." It is difficult to perceive the dramatic or artistic reason that prompted the artist to select this scene for pictorial treatment. In the play one feels that Bertram is a thorough cad, and one is amazed at the lovable Helena wasting so much good love upon him ; yet, as soon as he realizes that he is found out, and we know that the whole intrigue to win him is known, he merely has to declare he will love his wife "dearly, ever, ever dearly," and we, like the persons in the play, are expected to forgive him for the sake of the necessary happy ending. And we do forgive him after he has pleaded for pardon, and we accept his promise of love in good faith. Yet look at Bertram ; surely his is a repudiating, deprecating gesture as Helena holds out his letter ; there is no hint in it that he means to be a loving husband for the future. Although the characters are all there ; the King, Lafeu, the Countess, the Widow, and Diana, besides Helena and Bertram, the actual scene is not truly illustrated, because its dénouement is misrepresented by that gesture of Bertram's. Wheatley was far more successful with the pastoral scene in the fourth act of "A Winter's Tale," for here he was tackling a subject that allowed him to place its central

interest in a setting of happy rustic life such as appealed to his pictorial fancy. We may not feel the joyous poetry of Shakespeare's creation spontaneously expressive in the figure of this deliberate Perdita, who looks rather as though she is reciting a pretty speech while she hands the flowers to Polixenes ; yet this is certainly one of the happiest of the Boydell illustrations. Angelica Kauffman's treatment of Valentine's rescue of Silvia from the amorous advances of Proteus, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," shows how, with so romantic a subject, her pictorial conception could not rise above a conventional attempt at literal illustration. How little imagination has been brought to bear upon the expression of the scene ! The large-limbed young woman who stands for Julia is peculiarly inexpressive, considering her own emotional interest in the affair. In John Opie's "Timon of Athens," however, we get, in the figure of the misanthrope, something dramatically expressive as well as pictorially vigorous, although Alcibiades and the two young women would not seem to be acting more than "feeding parts" for the protagonist.

Henry Fuseli was one of the mainstays of the Boydell scheme, and he painted eight pictures for it, including the meeting of Macbeth and Banquo with the Witches, and Hamlet's encounter with his father's ghost. In the presentation of such subjects he would seem to have aimed at the expression of his imagination with a Michael Angelesque force, so that the pictorial result was rhetorical rather than poetic. Yet into whatever extravagances the exuberance of Fuseli's imagination might lead him, a saving artistic quality was seldom absent, in that it was generally controlled by a sense of design. Look, for instance, at his "Titania and Bottom," and you will see that, with all the quaint incongruities of the gathering of fairies as full-grown as Titania herself, and as mortal-looking, and still more fashionably costumed, coiffured, and hatted, such as Shakespeare could surely never have imagined, together with tiny elves and impish creatures more proper to fairyland, the painter has never lost sight of the harmony of his design, while he gives rein to fancy in the infinite mystery of the shadowy background. But quite beyond the acceptance of fancy is Fuseli's later-published version of the same subject, with the most grotesquely mortal fairies attendant on the Queen, and no suggestion of a mystery-haunted atmosphere to help the design to persuasiveness. Dramatic expression on the grand pictorial scale was obviously the aim of James Barry in his "Death of Cordelia," but the elaborate scheme of the tableau misses the simple effect of such pathos as Shakespeare so marvellously conveys through the grievous words of Lear. Nor is there any suggestion of wind in the picture to account for the old King's hair being blown about as it is, a false pictorial note that has no artistic excuse.

Who are these two very sophisticated, befeathered, ogling young women, and who is this effeminate-looking youth, to whom the fore-

most hands a chain ? Can these really be meant to represent Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando, in an incident of most tender romance ? Yet presumably the jester and the group in the background, carrying away an injured man, would suggest that this is the sequel to the wrestling episode in "As You Like It." How the acclaimed historical painter is found out when Shakespeare calls upon him to be pictorially simple and human ! The charmingly delicate portrait-drawings, which we so rightly value to-day, show the true limitation of John Downman's pretty and dainty art. He could portray the actress, he could not interpret the poet.

Of the stage stagey is William Hamilton's tableau in the last act of "A Winter's Tale," though, as we might expect from his pretty and decoratively sweet designs for many of the favourite colour-prints, he was scenically happier in the sentiment of the comedies, "Love's Labour's Lost," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It." The historical plays engaged the efforts of some of the more serious painters, such as Opie and James Northcote, but it cannot be said that these efforts called forth much imaginative expression, though few were as dismally bad as Josiah Boydell's representation of Henry the Fourth and Prince Henry. Northcote, in his capacity as "historical painter," had already painted one of his pictures of the murder of the two princes in the Tower, and exhibited this at the Royal Academy the year before the Shakespeare scheme was projected, so this was, of course, one of his numerous respectable but uninspired contributions to the Boydell Gallery.

It was, however, among the scenes of the comedies that some of the most successful of the Boydell painters found their happiest inspiration. Robert Smirke was one of these, perhaps the most genuine Shakespearean illustrator of them all. That he had pictorial humour, with a sense of character expressive through the incident, may be seen here in three examples. He was the first painter to exploit pictorially the comedy of Anne Page's invitation to Slender, an incident which has since engaged the art of many distinguished painters, as our illustrations will show ; and if their pictures reveal more artistry, none is truer to the text, none gives us a more characteristically English scene, a sweeter Anne Page or a more foolishly bashful Slender. If the loutish figure of the reluctantly-going Simple may seem a little obtrusive, at least it is conceived with humour. So indeed is the scene in "Measure for Measure," where Elbow, bursting with self-importance, Froth, Clown, and the rest, appear before the Duke's deputy, the treacherous Angelo. Smirke was as happy in his characterization of Dogberry and Verges in the prison scene of "Much Ado." The interview of the cross-gartered smiling Malvolio with the Countess, in "Twelfth Night," has been one of the favourite Shakespearean subjects with painters, and though the convention of the screens to hide the overlooking comedians smacks a little too obviously of the stage, Ramberg's rendering is not one of the

least successful of the Boydell pictures. Scenically effective too, but with more of pictorial charm, is the Masquerade in "Romeo and Juliet" by W. Miller. The dramatic significance is well suggested by the figure of the angry Tybalt watching Romeo's first approaches to Juliet.

Of all the Boydell artists I doubt if any entered upon his task with more light-hearted enjoyment than the Rev. Matthew William Peters, R.A. He was an excellent painter, with a very engaging sense of design, and when he had a pretty woman to paint, he did it always with a sensuous charm. He generally took care that he had pretty young women to paint, and there were always favourite engravers to mediate for the pleasure of the public. That scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," where Hero and Ursula plot to make Beatrice in love with Benedick, was his opportunity, and Peter Simon's artistic stipple-engraving, here reproduced from an engaging colour-print, shows what a charming thing the painter made of it. The picture sparkles with the sense of comedy. So, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford gave him a lot of pictorial fun. Thew's skilful engraving shows how Peters must have revelled in painting the satin and the lace as well as the laughing faces. But not only merry pretty women in comedy circumstances were Peters's pictorial quarry. In the scene in "Henry VIII," where Wolsey and Campeius visit Queen Katharine, he shows how forcibly he can illustrate a dramatic situation; while in the last scene, the christening of Queen Elizabeth, he introduces Henry and the prophesying Cranmer with impressive spectacular effect.

The unfortunate history of the Shakespeare Gallery undertaking from the financial point of view need not be told here. The two volumes of the engravings were published in 1802, but the enterprise had already given a great impetus to the graphic illustration of the poet, and the later years of the eighteenth century and the earlier of the nineteenth saw numerous publications of every size appealing with pictorial renderings of Shakespeare. There were Henry Singleton's "Characters from Shakespeare," chiefly notable for their lack of character: there were pretty pairs of lovers scenically placed—Lorenzo and Jessica, Beatrice and Benedick, Rosalind and Orlando—by Samuel Shelley, the fashionable miniaturist. There were little volumes with small plates, such as the graceful vignettes with decorative borders that Thomas Kirk did for Cooke's edition of the "Poems" in 1797; and the pretty little plates done by Thomas Uwins, in his industrious book-illustrating days, for a handy edition of the plays, in which one may recognize how valuable it is for a designer to have a practical knowledge of the engraver's craft. Then, there were great folios like that issued by John Murray in 1817, "A Series of Engravings to illustrate the works of Shakespeare, by Heath, Hall, Rhodes, Fittler, etc.," in which we meet several of our painter-friends from the Boydell Gallery. Here is Peters at his most

characteristic in the scene between the lively Charmian, Iras, and the Soothsayer in "Antony and Cleopatra," a scene after his own gay heart, which can hardly be said of the unfortunate "Romeo and Juliet" tomb scene. Opie is dramatically suggestive with forcible contrasts of light and shade in his "King John" group ; while William Hamilton, once again out of his line of pretty and graceful sentiment, misses the pathos of the prison interview in "Measure for Measure," by presenting a big melodramatic, oratorical Isabella, instead of a figure of sweet and gentle womanhood.

There is no name associated with the Shakespeare illustration of this period so gracious as that of Thomas Stothard, which stands always for fancy and grace, purity and fertility of invention. Not that the greatest charm of this delightful artist is expressed in his illustrations of Shakespeare. Indeed, as Mr. Austin Dobson says, in one of his enjoyably illuminating "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," "if you would view your Stothard aright, you must take him as the illustrator of the eighteenth-century novelists, of Richardson, of Fielding, of Sterne, of Goldsmith, where the costume in which he delighted was not too far removed from his own day, and where the literary note was but seldom pitched among the more tumultuous passions. In this semi-domestic atmosphere he moves always easily and gracefully. His conversations and interviews, his promenade and garden and tea-table scenes, his child-life with its pretty waywardnesses, his ladies full of sensibility and in charming caps, his men respectful and gallant in their ruffles and silk stockings, in all these things he is at home." But, if we look through Stothard's designs for the "Seven Ages of Man," or those that he made for James Heath's engraving, shall we not find that also among Shakespeare's scenes of comedy and dramatic romance he moves "always easily and gracefully," that here too "he is at home"? He is said to have drawn or painted, in the course of his long career, some five thousand illustrative designs, three thousand of which were engraved, and among these the Shakespeare subject claimed its fair proportion, if not, perhaps, always the highest achievement. Here are three examples. Note, in the last scene of the "Seven Ages," how simply the artist has suggested the pathos of helpless old age by the tender solicitude of the young woman. In the hiding scene from "Love's Labour's Lost," where the four young lovers, who have pretended to forswear love, find each other out, note with what a boyish grace of gaiety Stothard's conception has conveyed the buoyantly youthful spirit of the romance. This effect, one might think, is not a little aided by the sparkle of the engraving, but that Stothard's original water-colour of the "Twelfth Night" scene shows us a Malvolio of a subtly greater distinction and self-respect than we see in Heath's engraving of this drawing. What an important part the eyes play here in expressing the three personalities and the significance of the scene ! This is an example of that direct sim-

plicity of expression which was the reason, one may suppose, of Turner calling Stothard "the Giotto of England."

One scarcely thinks of William Blake as an illustrator of Shakespeare's plays, yet the master-dramatist's poetic imagination could not but appeal to the inward eye of the visionary poet-artist. It was not, of course, any dramatic scene of human passion or mortal circumstance that he attempted to depict, but those visions of the supernatural world, those glimpses of immortality, which the verbal magic of Shakespeare can make so real to the reader's imagination. These Blake sought to visualize in his own terms of pictorial art. So he could not resist the appeal of Hamlet with his father's ghost, Brutus with Cæsar's, or the haunted Richard III, who is seen bursting from his tent and brandishing a naked sword to drive away the ghostly visions of his victims. The text of the play did not much trouble the artist, the suggestion was sufficient. Puck has only to mention the "Triple Hecate" to set Blake picturing an awful crouching creature with three bodies and three heads amid fearsome surroundings. But "spirits and fairies," says Lamb, "cannot be represented, they cannot even be painted—they can only be believed." Now, here is a fascinating drawing of Blake's ; but who are these four joyous maidens, dancing in a ring with such rhythmic ecstasy ? And who is this quaint figure of a youth performing the antics of a nautch dancer ? And this grave, bearded old man with the sad-faced young woman clinging to him—who can they be ? The official catalogue of the National Gallery of British Arts states that these are "Oberon, Titania, and Puck, with Fairies Dancing." But who, with Shakespeare's poetry in remembrance, can really believe in such an Oberon and Titania, such a Puck, such a Peasblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed ? No ; Prospero and Miranda with Ariel would be perhaps more credible, and any happy nymphs of the island. But what does it matter how we label the figures ? Here is a pictorial expression of Blake's imaginative visualization, in which his art enchants the fancy with form and rhythm, suggesting a delightful music. More deliberate as an illustration is the drawing called "Queen Katharine's Dream." Here we see Henry VIII's long-suffering, dying queen lying on her couch, while beside her sit, deep in sleep, her devoted servants Griffith and Patience ; and, as she lies there, we see her vision of the "Spirits of Peace," and "she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven." It is a rhythmical and characteristic Blake design, beautiful in conception, and perfectly in harmony with Shakespeare's. This drawing, by the way, is one of a number of illustrations, including four others from the same hand, bound up in a copy of the Second Folio of the plays, for which they were done in the beginning of the last century, now belonging to Mr. George Macmillan. Another drawing from this volume reproduced here, but of a very different character, is a spirited sketch for "The Taming of the Shrew," by Sir Robert Ker Porter, a painter

whose art seems to have been as vigorous and as full or varied adventure as his life. Brother of the sister-authors of "The Scottish Chiefs," he was inspired by Flora Macdonald to become a painter of battles. With Sir John Moore in Spain he actually witnessed war, and he won knighthoods in more countries than his own. Some of his Shakespearean illustrations were engraved, but his pictorial vitality is best seen in the sketch.

III

The introduction of steel-engraving, with its greater reproductive capacity, extended considerably the scope of the popular illustrated publication. It brought the day of the "Keepsake," and the "Book or Beauty," and the steel-engraving of the pretty picture of the pretty young woman was greatly in demand. "Heroines" were wanted: why not Shakespeare's? So the enterprising Charles Heath in 1836 issued the "Shakespeare Gallery, containing the principal female characters in the Plays of the Great Poet." There were forty-five drawings by the "first artists," engraved in steel in the "most highly finished manner." The publisher's address is amusingly ingenuous enough to quote: "The vast number of female portraits which have recently been published in illustration of the productions of our modern authors, naturally excites, in the least reflective mind, the very obvious question, Wherefore have the sweet and beautiful characters of our great Poet—of *the* great Poet —of him with whose exquisite creations our imaginations have been familiarized from our earliest infancy, been neglected by the modern artist?" Charles Heath, who had himself practically given up the practice of engraving, accordingly engaged the artists who were providing the pretty portrait-plates for his "Book of Beauty" to supply a similar series that could be suitably labelled with the names of Shakespeare's heroines. In the *New Monthly Belle Assemblée* for December 1836, I find the annual "Book of Beauty" reviewed, and four of the five named favourites among the illustrations are "Lucilla," by Parris, "Nourmahal," by Meadows, "Habiba," by Chalon, and the "gem of the volume," "Juliet," by Bostock. Now, look at the representatives of Shakespeare's "principal female characters" before us. A young lady, with the corkscrew curls of the eighteen-thirties, and the fashionable full sleeves of the period, is labelled Celia. Why? Because she is holding the flower-entwined crook of a shepherdess. Is that not enough to show she has the aspect and character of Rosalind's loving cousin Celia? This is by J. Bostock, the painter of the "Book of Beauty's" Juliet. Here is a young lady playing at being Imogen, by E. T. Parris, a favourite artist also of "The Keepsake," and, a year or two later, Queen Adelaide's own historical painter. This very eighteen-thirtyish Maria and Mistress Ford are by Kenny Meadows, a genial illustrator who turned his hand as readily to Shakespeare as, later on, to *Punch*. The gentle Alfred

Chalon's dainty talent was more suitable, I fancy, to portraying the graces of the pirouetting ballet-dancers of his day than the imagined Lady Macbeth. But how much of Shakespeare's creations do any of these pretty creatures suggest? One may accept this sweet innocent Perdita of C. R. Leslie's fancy, especially as we shall meet her again in his "Florizel and Perdita"; but could this gentle Queen Margaret of Herbert's picturing contend with any hostile intrigue? There is here no hint, perhaps, of the Herbert who was to paint a "King Lear" fresco for the House of Lords. Here are gracious drawings of John Hayter's, but what do they tell of Desdemona and Helena? Yet here is a Princess of France one might fancy enjoying a game of romance; but pretty and young they all are: what matter else for the day of the "Book of Beauty"? Another series called "The Heroines of Shakespeare," illustrated with larger plates, was published some ten or twelve years later, and here we find John Hayter the portrait-painter again, giving us the pretty face of an Early Victorian young lady, and asking us to guess why he labelled it Miranda. But here too we meet with Augustus Leopold Egg, a painter of some imagination, who approached Shakespeare with a truer illustrative conscience than many of his fellows. "The Taming of the Shrew" seems to have been his favourite play, for he took subjects for his pictures from at least three of its scenes; and here we see the face of a Katharina who might indeed have been not only Petruchio's wayward wife, but Shakespeare's own "dark lady of the sonnets," a face with eyes and mouth that tell of will and temperament. Egg's Desdemona, too, is not a mere "Book of Beauty" heroine, but in her expression one sees the artist's attempt to visualize Brabantio's daughter as Othello could say of her, "She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd; And I lov'd her, that she did pity them."

An interesting adventure in Shakespearean illustration was made about this time by the Etching Club, an association of prominent painters who, though they cannot be said to have done much towards carrying on that revival of etching for its intrinsic artistic charm, which began with Crome, Cotman, Daniell, Wilkie, Geddes, and then stopped short, made a brave effort to popularize the art as a means of direct expression for illustrative purpose. In 1843 was issued by Longman "Songs of Shakespeare illustrated by the Etching Club," and on each plate the artist tried graphically to realize the lyric suggestion, sometimes with the aid of a supplementary tail-piece. Ten years later the plates were reissued, with others added, and the title was enlarged to "Songs and Ballads." C. W. Cope, whose paintings of "Wolsey at Leicester Abbey," and "Othello relating his adventures to Desdemona and her Father," are among the well-known Shakespeare pictures of the period, here proves himself an admirable etcher. Not that he aimed at expression with the essential suggestive line—the Etching Club of 1843 was not ready for that; but he had the true etcher's instinct for the value of the

white space, and with his needle he wrought for tone and colour. How this etching responds with felicitous art to his expression of human character and emotion we may see in his plate illustrating the song "Crabbed Age and Youth"; but no less happy is he in "Sigh no more, Ladies," and "When icicles hang by the wall." These have something of Ostade's quality of life and light. In J. C. Horsley's "Come away, come away, Death," there is, perhaps, less of the etcher's artistry; but this painter of *genre* has been concerned first and foremost with translating his theme into pictorial terms, and interpreting the emotional significance of the lyric with romantic charm and delicate grace, that take a note of pathos in the tail-piece. Richard Redgrave goes for direct representation in "The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree," while in "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," he suggests less an illustration of the song than of some magazine story of the sixties. Frederick Taylor's "What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?" and Caliban's song are of the direct, robust illustrative order, as we might expect from a painter of sporting subjects; but Samuel Palmer's "Come, thou Monarch of the Vine," from "Antony and Cleopatra," gives us two exquisite little plates of enchanting conception by that poetic etcher. It is interesting to see J. C. Hook, whom we usually associate with the blue waters of our English coast, in his earlier romantic vein, as in "Who is Silvia?" while here too are Ansdell, Webster, and Creswick, and, perhaps, more significantly, H. J. Townsend with his airy fairy fancies.

To turn back to William Heath's vigorous drawing of that scene in the Second Part of "Henry IV," where Doll Tearsheet and Mistress Quickly are hauled off to prison by the Beadles, and make such a pother with their resistance and abuse, is to make acquaintance with a different order of artist. Heath had been a Captain of Dragoons, and having taken to professional draughtsmanship, he was much employed in illustrating many of the military publications, with aquatint plates, that followed the Waterloo campaign, including his own "Life of a Soldier." But he had a lively pictorial sense of humour, and in this street fracas in mediæval London, presented with so much vivid actuality, he not only illustrates the very life and temper of the scene in Shakespeare's play, but, with the instinct of the true historic artist, he gives us a veritable bit of turbulent life that Shakespeare himself might have witnessed, in the London streets of his day. But William Heath was not an "historical painter"; he was just a vivacious draughtsman who had seen life. As a pictorial historian of the naval and military costumes of Great Britain, John Augustus Atkinson, whose battle-pictures had won him imperial favour in Russia, found in Shakespeare's battle-scenes scope for picturesque representation of the panoply in which our Plantagenet Kings and their followers would meet the clash of arms.

Of all who practised the gentle art of making pictures in the first half of the nineteenth century none showed more deference to Shakespeare

than Charles Robert Leslie. Always going for his subjects to the poets and novelists, he sought them most frequently among the plays of Shakespeare. The first picture he attempted was "Timon of Athens," not because anything in the character or its circumstances called to him for expression, but because it offered an opportunity of painting a nude figure in the manner of Michael Angelo, which he had been taught was the proper artistic thing to do. Next he turned for inspiration to Macbeth's speech immediately before the killing of Duncan, and called his picture "Murder." But Leslie was happy in his personal influences. His friendship with Coleridge doubtless helped him to a more intellectual understanding of Shakespeare, and through his intimacy with Constable and Gilbert Stuart Newton, who himself painted subjects from Shakespeare with success, he seems to have realized the scope of his own art. He was never a great painter, his colour often had jarring notes, he could never rise to dramatic heights of expression ; but he could present scenes of comedy and gentle sentiment with interpretative eloquence of design, and a charm of pictorial vivacity quite his own. He was, in fact, an admirable illustrator, with the incident governing the artistic motive. The treatment of sunlight that gives so much charm to his pictures may have been due to the influence of Constable, but the sunny charm of the artist's own personality is also expressive in his works. Facial character was not Leslie's strong point, but he thought much of a pretty face. "You will do," he said once to a student, "because you can paint a pretty face, which will always be a source of attraction, and will recommend you." We have already seen the winsome face of Leslie's "Perdita" in Heath's Shakespeare Gallery, and certainly it is the "source of attraction" in his picture of "Florizel and Perdita," for there is little to interest one in the other figures ; the effeminate Florizel is certainly not believable. But the sun comes in at the window, and the picture has a winning fragrance of sentiment, even if it be not charged with the poetry of Shakespeare. In "Autolycus" we see Leslie, perhaps, at his happiest. There is a delightful sunny, open-air, country freshness about the picture, and the composition has a sense of spontaneity. Such a group of peasants might well have gathered, one may suppose, amid just such pleasant rustic surroundings, about this engagingly plausible peddling rogue, whose persuasive extravagance of tongue, as he advertises his fantastic ballads, can even draw the attention of the girls away from his fascinating tray of gew-gaws. One, however, keeps her eyes longingly fixed on some "bugle-bracelet" or "necklace amber" that means more to her than any ballad, merry or doleful. And the painter would seem to have had a particular sympathy with her, to judge from the evident enjoyment with which he painted in detail the trayful of peddler's wares, an enjoyment not greater, perhaps, than that with which he conceived and painted the whole picture, telling with unaffected charm of an English rustic scene such as Shakespeare might

GEORGE ROMNEY (*Engd. by B. Smith*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"SHAKESPEARE NURSED BY TRAGEDY AND COMEDY"

have witnessed on a summer's day, and embodied imaginatively in his "Winter's Tale." "The Merry Wives of Windsor" seems to have been a favourite with Leslie, especially Slender's courtship of Anne Page, which he painted three or four times. Our reproduction is from the picture in the National Gallery of British Art, which is happy enough in its pictorial qualities of light, colour, and design, and particularly so in its story-telling. As Mistress Anne stands here with her back to the window, through which strong sunlight enters, so that the shadow shall allow no tell-tale laughter to escape from her pursed-up mouth, or from her eyes that she is fixing on the rose she holds, one can almost hear her appeal, for the fun of the thing, "Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself." She presents a very dainty, self-composed figure, in her black and yellow dress, while Slender, all white and pink, looks the veriest simpleton, literally leaning upon the prompting old Shallow. At South Kensington there is a picture of the principal characters in this play, gathered in Page's dining-room for the dinner to which Anne Page invites Slender, and here, of course, is Falstaff, though not, perhaps, the most successful piece of characterization in the picture, which is full of happy invention. In the Falstaff, in the Tate Gallery picture, of the scene at the Boar's Head in "Henry IV," where the fat knight is personating the King for Prince Hal's amusement, Leslie has got nearer to the Shakespearean conception, which, of course, is so much finer in "Henry IV" than in "The Merry Wives." In "Henry VIII," Leslie found two congenial subjects; one a favourite with many artists, Hogarth among them, the King's first meeting with Anne Boleyn at the Masquerade; the other, which he painted more than once, the unhappy Queen Katharine saying to her maid, Patience, "Take thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles." This is one of the painter's sweetest pictures; but in nothing is he happier than in the strained expression and attitude of barely repressed temper of that other Katharine, in the scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," where Petruchio is roughly rejecting the gown. Of course, the delightful comedy scenes of "Much Ado" and "Twelfth Night" supplied Leslie with subjects for pictures, two from the latter play being in the Tate Gallery.

Leslie painted the Anne Page and Slender subject of our illustration in 1825; about the same time the brilliant Richard Parkes Bonington painted his version of Anne inviting her shy, silly wooer to dine in her father's house, which is in the Wallace collection, and which is reproduced here from S. W. Reynolds's mezzotint translation. How little its artistic interest depends on the literary may be judged from the fact that it was catalogued, at the sale of the Duc d'Orleans's pictures in 1852, as "Le Page et la Courtisane," and fetched a considerable price. One of the foremost pioneers of the Romantic movement in painting, Bonington, is here concerned not so much with the dramatic humour of the incident as with light and colour, and the picturesque arrangement of

fifteenth-century costume, with the fashions appropriate to the play: the demure Anne's flowing gown of primrose hue, with the long hanging sleeves lined with pale blue, and a quaint square head-dress; the simpering Slender's girdled tunic of red and white, with green-lined sleeves of extravagant width and length. I wish it had been possible to supplement this illustration of Bonington's dramatic romantic expression with a pathetically charming little water-colour, in the British Museum, of the dying Queen Katharine among her devoted women.

If sweet Anne Page had never bidden Slender to her father's dinner-table, and he had not answered so foolishly, we should have lost several appealing pictures. The subject seems to have interested always painters who had something to say in the matter of light and colour, it gave them pictorial opportunities beyond the mere anecdotic, while yet it had the stimulus of comedy, with the perennial piquancy of a pretty woman laughing at a bashful lover. One of the most artistic renderings of the subject is that of Thomas Duncan, a Scottish painter, whose original powers exercised happy influence on the art of his period, especially in Scotland, during the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century. "Anne Page and Slender," in the National Gallery of Scotland, painted in 1836, is generally considered his best picture, in which it will be seen that the incident is told with considerable pictorial effect and originality of design. Although Anne in her *décolletée* red bodice and yellow skirt, is a smart young woman of the eighteenth century rather than the fifteenth, while Slender's doublet and hose are in the Elizabethan fashion, one feels no incongruity; the scene being presented with so much sense of life. It was a very happy thought of the painter to introduce Falstaff and Page at the window just above the balcony from which Anne is addressing Slender. With an artistic command of rich, harmonious colour, and a decorative sense of design, as of light and shade, Thomas Duncan was a painter of distinguished charm.

Yet another rendering of this favourite "Merry Wives" scene is that of a landscape-painter of great distinction, Sir Augustus Wall Callcott. His land- and sea-scapes are always alive with light and air, and this is the quality that chiefly charms in his "Anne Page and Slender" at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The scarlet curtains on either side give a piquant suggestion of the stage, but very attractive is the open-air aspect of the picture, with its serene landscape background, while the human comedy has also its full significance harmoniously in the foreground. We get a glimpse of Falstaff and the dinner-party within doors, while at the porch Anne Page, looking very winsome in her costume and coiffure of Charles I's day, suggests with the play of her fingers a playful turn of mind that could make a very good victim, for a summer-day's fun, of that Slender, who stands nervously fidgeting with his stick. George Cattermole's artistic personality, interesting and versatile, was expressed most effectively through water-colour, and with the romantic

and dramatic motive. His pictorial invention was alertly responsive to Shakespearean conception, and the two examples from "Macbeth," given here, show a powerful scenic sense. The muscular, stalwart Lady Macbeth is perhaps too much in the old stage tradition, but the scene is well imagined, where she is looking on the sleeping Duncan, as she handles, with murder in her mind, the daggers she is going to lay beside the drugged guards for her husband's use. In "Macbeth instructing the murderers," the artist has, with true dramatic insight, portrayed the murderers as men desperate from evil fortune, incensed by the "vile blows and buffets of the world"; but the listening attendants seem to me unnecessary both for pictorial and dramatic effectiveness.

Jaques's familiar speech, "All the world's a stage," has furnished many artists with pictorial texts, but most of them, like Stothard, Smirke, Maclise, and Henry Stacey Marks, have illustrated the "Seven Ages" with a series of separate designs. That interesting painter William Mulready, who claimed to have anticipated the Pre-Raphaelites in some of their principles and practice, conceived the "Seven Ages" as a single picture, and with extraordinary skill composed the various illustrative episodes to an effect of unity and harmony, and appealing human interest. This is true pictorial interpretation, for in the significant attitudes and grouping of the representative figures, the painter's invention has been singularly happy in its response to the poet's imagination. Mulready first made the design as a woodcut for a publication of "The Seven Ages," illustrated also by Leslie, Callcott, Constable, Wilkie, Landseer, Hilton, and others. The picture was painted in 1837.

It was for some decorative purpose that Maclise illustrated the "Seven Ages," making the graceful designs, which were etched by Edward Goodall, almost in outline, with leafy and floral borderings. I believe he also painted the series, but his best-known Shakespeare pictures are "Orlando and the Duke's Wrestler," "Malvolio and the Countess," and "The Play-scene in Hamlet." The last-named is, I dare say, the most generally familiar of all pictures with subjects from Shakespeare, and, however it may strike one as the theatrical tableau *par excellence*, with the leading actor in the very centre of the stage, one's interest is engaged by the skill of the scenic representation. This scenic sense Maclise possessed in a remarkable degree, and that, I think, largely accounts for the great esteem in which he was held in his day. If he had painted nothing else, the "Play-scene in Hamlet" would keep his fame alive, for it has in it all the elements of popular illustration admirably combined. In the heyday of the literary picture it passed, no doubt, for great pictorial art. Maclise's scenic sense is no less effectively displayed in "Malvolio and the Countess," but although his Malvolio is an excellent conception of the character, a man easily ready to believe himself quite personable and above his station, the early-Victorian Olivia is quaintly out of the picture; yet the Maria happily restores the balance.

Solomon Alexander Hart, who succeeded C. R. Leslie as Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy, and was elected Associate and Academician simultaneously with his friend Maclise, won his first successes with pictures of services in synagogues and churches, but, wishing to "avoid the imputation of being the painter of merely religious ceremonies," he turned to Shakespeare. His "Quarrel between Wolsey and Buckingham" from "Henry VIII," an important picture painted in 1834, showed that he had a capacity for dramatic expression, combined with the pictorial historic sense. In the brilliantly-hued water-colour of "Othello and Iago," reproduced here, the painter has visualized the characters vividly, while his mind has attuned itself to the very feeling of the scene; the emotion of the dialogue between these two men seems reflected in their faces. This Othello is no easy prey to jealousy, his faith is so strong. To Iago's "Cassio's my worthy friend:—My lord, I see you are mov'd;" he, with his eyes looking steadily for truth, replies with quiet dignity: "No, not much mov'd:—I do not think but Desdemona's honest." To me this drawing gives a suggestion of true Shakespeare. Hart was always a student of the poet, and he saw Edmund Kean and Charles Mayne Young play Othello and Iago, but though Kean sat to him for six miniatures, he could never get the great actor to discuss Shakespeare.

As an illustrator of Shakespeare the famous Scotch painter Sir Joseph Noel Paton holds a high place, especially for his imaginative renderings of the supernatural scenes. Among his twenty designs for the "National" edition of the plays are some finely dramatic conceptions, while there is no little decorative grace and fancy in the outline "Compositions" from "The Tempest," which he published in 1845. In these there is no attempt at dramatic expressiveness; a sense of enchantment rather being aimed at with fantastic invention and rhythm of line. With this aim he brought his imaginative vision, or perhaps one should call it his pictorial fancy, to bear upon the fairy scenes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." As one looks at his famous "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania," it is easy to realize why he has been called the "Mendelssohn of painting." For, in spite of his giving us no pictorial formula for elfin life other than the winged human figures of theatrical and pictorial convention, the romantic charm of fairy tricksiness plays over Paton's picture as it plays over Mendelssohn's music. As we see Oberon and Titania, a comely pair of lovers, identified as fairies only by their wings, who else might just as well have passed for Mars and Venus, as we see them in the midst of the elves and fairies disporting about the sleeping mortals in the wood, we can almost hear the violins and the wood-wind of the orchestra. But what of the scene's own natural music, the true elfin music of the wood, the "little noiseless noise among the leaves" that the fairies really make? Ah, if the painter could only make us hear that, as the poet does when Titania calls "Music, ho music, such as

charmeth sleep !" No elaborate painting of definite groups of fairies, however ingeniously invented, could help us to believe. Shakespeare never described his fairies ; yet we know that wood near Athens is haunted by them, and by the music of their revels, as any painter might also make us realize, if only he would concern himself with the mysteries of light and shadow among the trees and the boscage, and leave these to work their own enchantment upon our imagination.

Is not this, to all intents and purposes, what Corot has done in his wonderful "Macbeth and the Witches," in the Wallace Collection ? This wild landscape, charged with the gathering mystery of the fading day, is ripe for drama. Anything might happen here ; and we see two horsemen emerging from the shadows cast by trees and rocks into the uncanny light of the setting sun, and there faced by three gaunt, weird figures, ominously awaiting them, the outstretched arm and pointing finger of the foremost being sufficient to indicate something fateful in the encounter. Now, here is a masterpiece of pictorial imagination. Anyone can see, of course, that this is the "blasted heath" ; and that this meeting was inevitable the picture, by its artistic suggestion, makes us feel, even though the painter may never have set out deliberately to illustrate "Macbeth." The landscape was everything, the illustration grew as the impression of mystery deepened. So I feel that this is one of the ideal examples of painting, in which, as Walter Pater says, "the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together, that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only ; nor the form, the eye only ; the form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single effect to the 'imaginative reason.'"

Now look at these three illustrations of "Hamlet" ; have we seen, among all the pictorial renderings of Shakespearean scenes we have been looking at, anything approaching these for dramatic vitality and expressiveness ? It is a very youthful Hamlet they show us, and they show him to us, not in any moment of pathetic irresolution, introspection, or philosophic pondering, but always with the dramatic spark at white-heat within him, when a great emotional energy is prompting him to do something. We see that nothing on earth could hinder him from following his father's ghost to that atmosphere of mystery beyond. We see, by the wild look in his eyes, and the tense force with which he holds his partly drawn sword, that nothing would stay his hand from avenging his father's murder there and then, if only his hated, guilty uncle would stand up and face him, instead of kneeling in this abject defenceless attitude of prayer. We know, by the frightened, clinging motion of his queen-mother, that Hamlet is turning her eyes into her very soul, indeed. These are three of a set of sixteen very remarkable designs illustrating "Hamlet," drawn on stone by Eugène Delacroix between 1834 and 1843, each of them expressing, in its pictorial energy, the very essence of the dramatic situation. They represent a powerful influence

for dramatic and romantic expression that was coming into English Art. Eugène Delacroix was the head and front of the Romantic movement in French painting, and dramatic expression was the dominant note of his splendid, vital art. Grandeur, majesty, beauty of pictorial conception was his, the drama was the soul of it. Shakespeare naturally appealed to him strongly, and the plays furnished several subjects for pictures, such as "Hamlet and the Gravedigger," in the Louvre, with again a boyish Hamlet. But, even with the aid of his splendid colour, Delacroix was not more expressive than in these Hamlet lithographs, and a very wonderful one of Macbeth and the Witches—a thing that haunts the imagination.

Ford Madox Brown was in Paris when Delacroix was doing these things, and was undoubtedly influenced by the great French Romantic painter. One feels this in the intensity of dramatic expressiveness which was the dominant aim of those sixteen remarkable outline-designs for "King Lear," which Madox Brown did in Paris in 1844, and of which he wrote later that they were "never intended but as rude first ideas for future more finished designs." Crude as these designs are, the value of their dramatic expression and barbaric picturesqueness is such that Henry Irving bought them when he was preparing his production of "King Lear," and he took counsel with the painter as to the appropriate dressing of the play, and commissioned him to design three of the scenes. The first conception of the famous picture "Cordelia's Portion," painted twenty-one years later, is to be found among these sketches, and it is interesting to see how, in the interval, the artist's psychological intuition had developed as well as his pictorial command of expression. In the original sketch Cordelia covers her face with her hand as if overwhelmed ; in the finished picture she faces her destiny with brave, sad acceptance, as she turns her back on the mercenary Duke of Burgundy, and listens to the King of France's

> "Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor ;
> Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, despis'd ! "

But she raises her hand as it would seem to screen from her view the pathetic figure of the beloved father, who in his senile perversity has just cast her off. The characters of Goneril and Regan are realized with splendid pictorial impressiveness, and we can only regret that this painter with his grand illustrative style never carried out his intention of painting "The Parting of Cordelia and her Sisters," the sketch for which is among the sixteen designs, and an etching of which he made for the Pre-Raphaelite magazine, "The Germ," in 1850.

"Lear and Cordelia," the noble picture which has lately become the property of the nation, was painted in 1848-9, and considerably retouched in 1854. When it was included in an exhibition of Madox Brown's works in 1865, the painter wrote of it that, though one of the

earliest of his "present, or English style," he always considered it one of his chief works. He has an interesting note about it in the catalogue. Cordelia, now Queen of France, returns with an army to rescue her father, ill-used, aged, helpless and mad. "He has been put to sleep with opiates, and the physician, who is about to wake him by means of music, has predicted that his reason will return with consciousness. Cordelia, at the foot of the bed, awaits anxiously the effect of her presence on him, and utters the touching soliloquy, beginning—

> 'Had you not been their father, these white flakes
> Had challenged pity of them.'

Now could she recall the moment, when honesty, stiffened to pride, glued to her lips the soft words of flattery expected by the old man, and perhaps after all his due, from her who was the best beloved of his three. So Virtue, too, has its shadowed side, pride—ruining itself and others." "Having its origin in the old ballad," the painter continues, "Shakespeare's King Lear is Roman-pagan-British nominally ; mediæval by external customs and habits, and again, in a marked degree, savage and remote by the moral side. With a fair excuse it might be treated in Roman-British costume, but then clashing with the mediæval institutions and habits introduced : or as purely mediæval. But I have rather chosen to be in harmony with the mental characteristics of Shakespeare's work, and have therefore adopted the costume prevalent in Europe about the sixth century, when paganism was still rife, and deeds were at their darkest. The piece of Bayeux tapestry introduced behind King Lear is strictly an anachronism, but the costume applies in this instance, and the young men gaily riding with hawk and hound, contrast pathetically with the stricken old man. The poor fool who got hanged for too well loving his master looks on with watery eyes. The Duke of Kent, who, though banished, disguised himself in order to remain with the King, is seen next the fool, having a wig on to alter his appearance. The physician, with his conjuring book, was magician also in those days."

Although "King Lear" made its special appeal to the art of Madox Brown, the poetic passion of "Romeo and Juliet" inspired one of his most sensuously dramatic pictures. It is the lovers' agony of parting ; dawn is breaking over Verona, and as Romeo, with one foot on the rope ladder, gives her a last passionate embrace with one arm, she clasps him tight with both hers.

There was something about the personality of Madox Brown that made me feel, when talking with him, as if I were in the presence of one of the old Florentine masters, and I could well imagine the influence his original artistic energy must have exercised on the beginnings of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. That his practical example to some extent helped Dante Gabriel Rossetti to a fuller pictorial expression of his own

intensely poetic self is on record; and one may fancy that Brown's "King Lear" paintings and drawings inspired Rossetti and the other Pre-Raphaelites to look for pictorial motives among the plays of Shakespeare. Certainly nothing in the way of Shakespearean illustration, more fully charged with all the essential dramatic poetry of the scene, and more perfectly expressive of this in terms of pure pictorial beauty, has ever been done than the pen-and-ink drawing of "Hamlet and Ophelia," which the nation happily possesses in the British Museum. In an alcove, panelled with symbolically carved oak, Ophelia sits and, with sad averted face, reluctantly holds out to Hamlet the "remembrances" of his she has "longed long to re-deliver;" but Hamlet, kneeling on a seat, his arms outstretched along the sculptured ledge, is crushing with his right hand a bloom on a rose-tree as he disclaims the gifts. This is no theatrical Hamlet, ranting and raving at the unhappy girl, but such a soul-wounded Hamlet as Shakespeare himself might have seen with his mind's eye, the drawn face showing how sorely hurt he is himself by every harsh-sounding word he feels bound to utter in breaking away from his love. It is a richly decorative design, and the elaborate pen-and-ink work is done with the joy, as it would seem, of a mediæval craftsman; but the artistic beauty of the thing is in the absolute fusion of poetic with pictorial expression. This drawing dates from 1858, but eight years later Rossetti repeated the subject in water-colours, though altering the design. Water-colour, too, was the medium of a beautifully pathetic drawing, called "The Madness of Ophelia," in which Laertes, with a sad tenderness, is leading the distraught flower-enwreathed girl away from the King and Queen. In "Mariana," from "Measure for Measure," an oil-painting, Rossetti, with fine imagination, introduced the boy singing to a lute, and the dramatic pathos of that perfect lyric, "Take, oh take those lips away," is in the picture. Song is also the poetic motive of a design which Rossetti made in chalk, with the intention of painting it. "Desdemona's Death-Song," he called it, and it represents Othello's wife singing poor Barbara's "song of willow" as Emilia prepares her for her death-bed.

A great personal interest attaches to the charming "Twelfth Night" picture painted by Walter Howell Deverell, a young artist of remarkable gifts and lovable personality, who was one of Rossetti's favourite intimates in the early fifties, and died very young. It was he who discovered, among the assistants in a milliner's shop, the beautiful Miss Siddall, who became Rossetti's wife, and lives in so many of his pictures. Deverell painted her as Viola in his picture, "The Duke with Viola listening to the Court Minstrels," and she sits in an attitude of sweet rapt sympathy, watching the handsome Duke—the painter himself—as he lets his thoughts drift upon the music, dreaming doubtless of the Countess Olivia, while the Jester, for whom Rossetti sat as model, is obviously thinking of nothing but the song which he is singing with so

much pleasure, to the accompaniment of the minstrels. Love-making is going on in this romantic Italian garden, unseen of the Duke, while, also unheeded, a boy mockingly pretends to pipe upon a walking-stick, hoping mayhap to attract at least the Jester's attention.

Shakespeare meant much to the Pre-Raphaelites in their earlier years, for the dramatic naturalness and essential poetry of the plays gave them opportunities for that emotional expression, through natural gesture and sincerity of aspect, with sensuous significance of colour, which was their pictorial aim. In illustrating any scene they sought to look beyond the dramatist's stage-restrictions, and interpret the subject-matter in its free, natural state through pictorial expression, untrammelled by theatrical convention. Millais's "Ophelia," painted in 1852, and now one of the most popular pictures at the Tate Gallery, is an admirable example. The painter has taken the Queen's poetic description of Ophelia's death, and faithfully illustrated it, and, in the happy words of an eminent critic: "Nowhere else in Millais's work do we find the essential harmony between a thought and its rendering that we see here. The Shakespearean unity, the genius which turns the gladdest things in Nature—spring flowers, a babbling brook, irresponsible song—into echoes of death, exists on the canvas." Holman Hunt has told us delightfully how, when Millais was projecting his "Ophelia," they went together along the Ewell river to look for landscape material, and at "a turn of the meadows," with the proverbial "Millais luck," the young painter found the "exact composition of arboreal and floral richness he had dreamed of." It is amusing to read of the violent antagonism provoked at first by this popular picture, and how Ruskin defended it, as well as Holman Hunt's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," painted the previous year, and now in the Birmingham Art Gallery, though to Liverpool belongs the credit of having at once recognized its merit, and crowned it with a prize for the "best picture." This is a typical Pre-Raphaelite picture, typical in its expressiveness of design and naturalness of individual gesture and attitude, with nature playing also its significant part, as the sunlight among the beech-trees patches the forest glades. This was no faked background, but painted faithfully in Lord Amherst's park at Knowle, Kent. Hunt shows us Valentine, a noble figure, in generous mood, trying to give back to the suddenly penitent Proteus his self-respect by reconciling him with the offended Silvia, whose calm, beautiful expression and gesture indicate a happy reliance on her lover; but one of the best things in the picture is the wistful attitude of Julia. Miss Siddall, by the way, was the model for Silvia, as she was also for Millais's Ophelia.

Holman Hunt's other famous Shakespearean picture, "Claudio and Isabella," is seen here in the drawing that represented the painter's first design, a beautiful thing, expressing all the tragic intensity of feeling conflicting in the souls of brother and sister. It is, of course, that scene

in "Measure for Measure" where Isabella comes to her doomed brother in his prison to tell him the shameful price that is asked of her to buy his life. Her faith in him is perfect; she is sure he would rather die. But he hesitates, he fidgets nervously, restlessly, with the manacle on his foot, as, not daring to look at his sister, he mutters "Death is a fearful thing." Then she realizes his ignoble dread, his treachery to her. "And shamed life a hateful," she retorts, as if the thought she reads in his mind has stung her very soul. She draws away her arms that had found their way tenderly about his neck, and, as we see in the finished oil-painting, where Claudio is of more youthful aspect, she beats her hands upon his breast, as if she would break down some horrid barrier that had risen between their hearts. Growing close outside the prison window, through which the sun enters brightly, are apple-blossoms to tell of spring, but these two tragic figures stand with their backs to the sunlight, face to face with the question of shame or death. It is interesting to look back from these expressive pictures to the eighteenth-century treatment of the same themes, to William Hamilton's "Claudio and Isabella," and Angelica Kauffman's "Two Gentlemen" scene, with their stagey inexpressiveness of gesture, their poetic emptiness.

I should hardly describe Sir John Gilbert as essentially a poetic painter or draughtsman, yet he was a great illustrator of Shakespeare. Whether in those wonderfully vivacious drawings on wood he did with so much fertility of invention, such agile vigour of imagination, for Knight's issue of the plays, edited by Staunton, or in the pictures he painted in oil or water-colours, he always expressed unerringly in the most direct pictorial form the very pith of the dramatic situation. The illustrative artist in him was always alert; he had an immediate eye for a scene; his conception compelling, as it were, its spontaneous interpretation from a hand that seemed to command dramatic vitality and force with a magic ease of touch. With Gilbert the very suggestion of drama would bring a picture to life. Look at this drawing of Shylock meeting with Salanio and Salarino after Jessica's elopement with Lorenzo: here is no impression of a theatrical group or mere pictorial composition; but we feel the inevitableness of drama has brought these men together as they stand. Shylock, outraged in the sanctity of his home, is in no mood for mock-courtesies from these mortal enemies. "You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight," he cries, out of the deep pathos of his loss, and the passionate energy of his hate. Contemptuously they regard the old man, as they mockingly accept the impeachment. How expressive are their attitudes, and how naturally the groups of merchants, Jews and Gentiles, in the background, help the life of the design! Surely this is true pictorial expression, with a noble vigour of line, and the artistic control and style of a master.

John Gilbert's splendid artistic equipment for the illustration of Shakespeare's plays was enriched by a varied and extensive store of knowledge

of historic periods, so that the dramatist's creations would take their places at once in the artist's conception as to the manner and the fashion born. But though, with Gilbert, the dramatic motive governed always the pictorial subject and its treatment, and the telling of his story was his first aim, he was glad when the story afforded an opportunity of spectacular effect in its pictorial narration. He revelled in pomp and pageantry, a rich procession, a crowd ; and he loved plenty of red. In no picture of his has Gilbert shown a more dignified feeling for pageantry than in " Cardinal Wolsey going in Procession to Westminster Hall," an important water-colour in the Guildhall. Here we see Wolsey, in the opening scene of " Henry VIII," and just as his faithful usher, Cavendish, describes him in the " Life," " appareled all in red, in the habit of a cardinal ; which was either of fine scarlet, or else of crimson satin, taffety, damask, or caffa, the best that he could get for money ; and upon his head a round pillion, with a noble of black velvet set to the same in the inner side ; he had also a tippet of fine sables about his neck ; holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs ; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors." In the picture, Wolsey is deliberately ignoring the suitors, and " smelling unto " his orange—and here are all the emblems of his state, his Cardinal's hat borne before him by a " nobleman, or worthy Gentleman, right solemnly bareheaded," and one of the " silver pillars " and the silver-gilt mace following him. This same procession is seen in the fine sepia drawing at the Tate Gallery, but here is the dramatic encounter between Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham, which preludes the latter's fall. Quite a conceivable Richard II as Shakespeare has drawn him—a poetic figure—is the King in Gilbert's " Richard II resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke," an impressive picture in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The painter illustrates the moment when Richard's fancy prompts him to make Bolingbroke take one side of the crown as he holds the other, while he poetizes pathetically. Yet somehow the picture makes us feel the scenic impressiveness rather than the poetic ; but it is conceived and painted in Gilbert's grand manner.

Sir William Quiller Orchardson was a great pictorial story-teller, greatest when the story was entirely his own, and the human motive and the pictorial found each other in that artistic harmony which he seldom failed to command. But it was in his early years that he went to Shakespeare's plays for his subjects ; and though, in their artistic spirit and expression, and their attractive pictorial qualities, we see adumbrated the greater Orchardson that was to be, with his distinguished personality of style already forming, these Shakespearean pictures, of course, do not rank with his masterpieces. "Hamlet and Ophelia,"

dating from 1865, was the earliest, and though the half-concealed figures of Polonius and the King suggest the scene, Hamlet seems to be taking things much more calmly than Shakespeare's text would lead one to suspect he really did. How different from the poetic expressiveness of Rossetti ! "Christopher Sly," in the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," is a delightfully spirited presentation of the scene, with all its humour suggested in the mock obsequious attitudes of the servants, the drunken tinker's bewilderment, and the expectancy of the dressed-up page, behind the scenes, as it were. "Prince Henry, Poins, and Falstaff," though it does not tell much about the fat knight, shows us how important a factor the unfilled space could already be in the painter's design ; while the masterly spacing in "Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne," ("Henry VI," Part I) helps to emphasize the dramatic tension of the situation embodied.

Orchardson's friend and fellow-student, John Pettie, was as gallant a painter as ever lived, seeking the pictorial adventure amid romantic surroundings, with the dramatic event at its most vital moment. Romance in olden times attracted him pictorially, for he loved the picturesque ways of life, with costume and colour expressive of them. Humour he had in plenty, and this great quality naturally governed much of his artistic vivacity. Shakespeare, of course, appealed to him, and his nephew and biographer, Mr. Martin Hardie, records that Pettie painted some seven pictures with Shakespearean subjects. Of these "Touchstone and Audrey" is perhaps the most appealing, and this is in every way delightful. "Come apace, good Audrey : I will fetch up your goats, Audrey," says the Court Fool, as they meet in an enchanting glade of the Forest of Arden—"And how, Audrey ? Am I the man yet ?" he asks, stroking his chin. "Doth my simple feature content you ?" The bumpkin-maid's expression is admirable, as she answers emptily, "Your features ? Lord warrant us ! What features ?" The true comedy of Touchstone's courtship is graphic here, and the high joyous key of the colour is artistically in keeping. From the same play Pettie painted another pair of forest lovers, "Sylvius and Phebe" ; and a high key of colour, splendidly commanded to pictorial harmony, was that of "Dost know this Waterfly ?" from the Osric and Hamlet scene in the play. A fine dramatic picture of Pettie's is "A Scene in the Temple Gardens," from "Henry VI," Part I ; full of dramatic significance too is "The Disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey."

That most piteous scene in "King John," where the boy-prince, Arthur, pleads with Hubert not to burn out his eyes, was a favourite with many of the older painters, and in our time it has been treated with admirable pathos and directness of pictorial impression by W. F. Yeames, in his well-known picture in the Manchester Art Gallery ; and also by Laslett J. Pott, another distinguished painter of the illustrative school. But it would be impossible, within the limits of the present volume, to

name even all the British artists who have addressed themselves to the illustration of Shakespeare, and to say what they have severally done in that direction. In the sixties, seventies and eighties of the last century, when the literary subject was still dominant, and there were yet art-critics who would dismiss as "mere furniture pictures" any that had no story to tell, but depended for their existence on a purely artistic motive, there were very few of the painters who did not, at one time or another, have a "shot at Shakespeare," and, though many made hits, the bull's-eyes were decidedly rare. For, the fact is, the true dramatic faculty is rare.

Lord Leighton was hardly a dramatic painter, though he painted his "Romeo and Juliet." Marcus Stone has always been happy in his sentimental *genre*, yet the tragic pathos of "Lear and Cordelia" did not abash his amiable art. Stacey Marks had humour, and he painted the comedy of that scene in "Henry IV," Part II, where Falstaff "pricks" the "woman's tailor" for his regiment; but for the vivacious illustration of Falstaff as he swaggered through the plays, one must turn to George Cruikshank's etchings in Robert Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff." Of course E. M. Ward, as a popular historical painter, did his duty by Shakespeare, as did W. P. Frith, Robert Hillingford, and Charles Green. Handsome Val Bromley was always ready for Shakespeare, whether it was "Troilus and Cressida," "Oberon and Titania," "Macbeth and Lady Macbeth," or "Lear and Cordelia." H. C. Selous and J. McL. Ralston were also ready Shakesperean illustrators, Selous especially, who did much capital work for Cassell's "Shakespeare." J. D. Watson, a popular water-colourist in his day, had the dramatic pictorial touch, and I remember a particularly good "Hamlet and Ophelia" of his. To illustrate the songs and two or three of the plays Birket Foster lent the charm of his delicate art. Fred Barnard's nimble graphic humour was naturally engaged by Shakespearean comedy; G. H. Boughton's tender grace of style was happily exemplified in his "Queen Isabella and her Ladies"; and Sir Edward Poynter's classic feeling found dramatic expression in his "Ides of March." Sir James D. Linton has painted many Shakespearean subjects, and always he has brought to his illustrative task a wealth of historical and archæological learning as well as pictorial skill. If dramatic expression is sometimes wanting, we may be sure that the pictorial grouping is as faultless as the costumes. The rich fabrics and picturesque fashions of mediæval Italy are his delight, and he has illustrated the whole play of "The Merchant of Venice." Frank Dicksee's illustrative experience with Shakespeare has been somewhat wide in its range; "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," "King John," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "All's Well," "Henry V," he illustrated them all, how long ago? But his finest and most beautiful work is to be found in the sumptuous editions of "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet," published by Cassell, with introductions by that scholarly critic, Edward

Dowden. Perhaps it was in the passionate romance of the young lovers of Verona that Mr. Dicksee found his richest inspiration; and, independent of the book, he painted a beautiful version of the balcony scene. In 1888 we had a revival of the Heath's "Heroines of Shakespeare" idea in "The Graphic Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines," and twenty-one popular painters, nearly all Royal Academicians, engaged their models and painted them in character; but I cannot say that many of the pictures stimulated the imagination, or suggested that their painters had imaginatively realized the heroines. Some were charming and picturesque young women without requiring to be placed in any play of Shakespeare's; others could be made to fit with a stretch of imagination; the ideals were rare to seek. Perhaps the most satisfactory picture was Lady Tadema's "Katharine of France." The scheme was amusing, but there wasn't much Shakespeare about it.

Among Shakespearean illustrators the late Edwin A. Abbey must always take a distinguished place in the very first rank; for none has ever brought to the pictorial interpretation of the plays a finer and more vivacious imagination, a truer dramatic intuition, or a richer artistic accomplishment. The innumerable drawings he made for Harper's edition of the plays, with their charm and grace of design, the atmospheric suggestiveness of their technique, and their illustrative fidelity to the spirit and letter of Shakespeare's text in terms of true pictorial art; these are too well known to call for detailed comment here. They have an artistic quality rare in even first-rate illustrations, which gives them a right to independent existence as works of art. But in addition to these drawings, Abbey enriched the field of Shakespearean illustration with a number of noble pictures, designed with the same dramatic imagination and pictorial beauty, painted splendidly with rich harmonies of colour, and expressive always of the human significance of the scene. "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Anne," is one of the finest Shakespearean pictures ever painted, pictorially sumptuous in its presentation of the pageantry of Henry VI's funeral procession, as it is dramatically incisive in its illustration of Richard's amazing wooing. For his "King Lear" picture, Abbey chose, and interpreted with all the capacity of his art, the incident which, as I have said, Madox Brown designed and etched, but never painted as he meant to do, the parting between Cordelia and her sisters, after her disinheritance. Going always direct to the poet for his inspiration, the painter was pictorial without theatricality, and he painted the play-scene in "Hamlet" with no suggestion of a Maclise's *mise en scène*, yet with how much more true dramatic expression. I am coming to the end of my pages, so I can only name the charming "Who is Silvia, what is She?" and the pathetically dramatic "Trial of Queen Katharine," and "The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester"; but we may linger with the romantic charm of "O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?"

for the reproduction reveals its beauty of design, and suggests its enchanting colour. Here is an example of complete artistic illustration; for the sense of song is conveyed by the singer in the background, and the whole significance of the lyric is in the "lovers' meeting."

The illustrative picture is always with us, and, as long as it is of such genuine artistic quality as Stephen Reid's impressively dramatic "Ophelia," it will continue to be welcome, whatever the future may hold for the Futurist, however wildly the cubic feet may rush toward the vortex. For here is design, unobtrusive yet decorative; here is a beautifully balanced colour-scheme; and here, with sincerity of pictorial expression, is all the dramatic emotion of the pitiful scene. How pathetic is the sweet figure of the mad Ophelia, as she sings her snatch of the old ballad! How tenderly sad the attitude of Laertes! What a haunting look of dreadful grief on the face of the crouching Queen! Even the watching eyes of the barbaric Danish soldiers help the dramatic expressiveness of the picture. The pictorial graciousness and significance of this Shakesperean illustration lead one to hope that in Stephen Reid we have a worthy follower of Edwin Abbey.

But if the modern tendencies in painting are in the direction of decorative rather than literary expression, aiming for the intrinsic pictorial poetry of form, colour, and rhythm, there is still no reason why the artist should not go for motives to the infinite world of Shakespearean poetry, so rich is it in pictorial suggestion. Look, for instance, at the exquisite water-colour drawing by William Hatherell, which was added but three years ago to the National Gallery of British Art; not because its title, "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" makes a romantic appeal for it, but because it is a picture in which the poetic significance is so fused with the artistic that the pictorial expression has the emotional effect of a lovely lyric. Here is a charmingly decorative design, here is colour in delightful harmony, here is a dream of love, expressive not only in the eyes of the young girl, but in the very glamour and colour of this romantic Italian night, accentuated by the warm light from the window. Yet this lovely little picture, inspired throughout by the artistic spirit, is an illustration. It is the frontispiece to an edition of "Romeo and Juliet," illustrated by Mr. Hatherell in twenty-two such drawings, each having its true pictorial motive of colour and design, harmonious with its dramatic subject. This is one volume of a series in which Hugh Thomson has illustrated "As you Like It," Sir James Linton "The Merchant of Venice," W. G. Simmonds "Hamlet," and W. Heath Robinson "Twelfth Night."

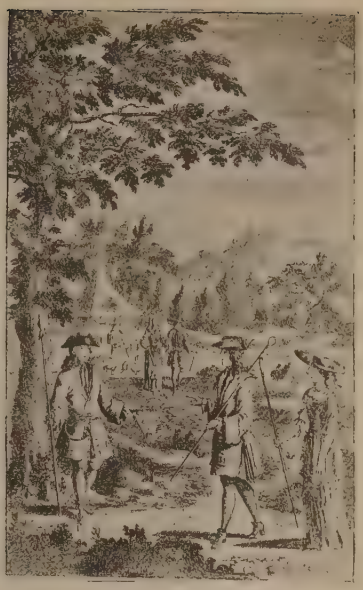
The late Walter Crane gave an important lead in combining decorative design with illustrative intention, and the pen-and-ink drawings he did for "The Tempest" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," charmingly exemplified his principles and practice. The decorative sense, indeed, seems to permeate the best illustration nowadays, and the "imaginative

reason" that Shakespeare keeps so continually on the alert, needs often only the stimulus of a pictorial suggestion. This feeling for decoration in design, combined with fertile dramatic invention, and poetic expression, accounted for the success of Byam Shaw's illustrations for the "Chiswick" Shakespeare, several of which were reproduced in the Special Number of *The Studio* devoted to "Modern Illustrators and their Work." No play seems to have been more fruitful in decorative suggestion to the illustrator than "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and who can forget the exquisite graces of fancy brought to it by Robert Anning Bell; the enchanting fantasies of Arthur Rackham; or the imaginative pictorial invention of W. Heath Robinson?

A true sense of decorative design in bold masses of black and white, combined with a singularly happy suggestion of character, distinguishes the "Touchstone and Audrey" of that original young artist and vital draughtsman, Steven Spurrier. For me, this is the Touchstone that Shakespeare drew; there is nothing that he says in the play but could have come out of that mouth. And the Audrey; how absolutely she is Touchstone's Audrey! The "Twelfth Night" group is treated with the same decorative effect and characteristic vivacity. Frank Gillett is another happy illustrator of Shakespearean character. Here is truly Lear's Fool, standing in the storm close to the stocks. But it is impossible here to represent, or even name, the many clever illustrators of Shakespeare. Among the volumes of the "Swan" edition of the plays you will find the best done by Gordon Browne, Claude Shepperson, H. M. Brock, Grenville Manton, and H. R. Miller. Then, Gertrude Demain Hammond has illustrated with pictorial charm many Shakespearean scenes. Frank L. Emanuel has decorated an edition of "The Merry Wives" with a number of pertinent black-and-white drawings; Charles Robinson has charmingly devoted his decorative and illustrative gifts to the Songs and Sonnets; and J. Moyre Smith's illustrations to "Macbeth" are full of learning and dramatic suggestion. Edmund Dulac's "Macbeth and the Witches," done as a poster for Sir Herbert Tree's production, was one of the most artistic and effective drawings ever executed for the purpose. But the modern theatre has owed much to pictorial art. Scenic portraiture, for one thing, is truer to the play than it used to be. Here, for example, is one of Charles A. Buchel's clever scenic illustrations (another design for a poster)—Arthur Bourchier as Shylock, returning to his empty house; and here is the greatest theatrical portrait of modern times, "Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth," a masterpiece by John S. Sargent. If only we had a great vital portrait of Henry Irving in one of his noblest Shakespearean impersonations! Something comparable with the "Philip II" of Whistler!

ARTIST UNKNOWN

"MACBETH"



"AS YOU LIKE IT"

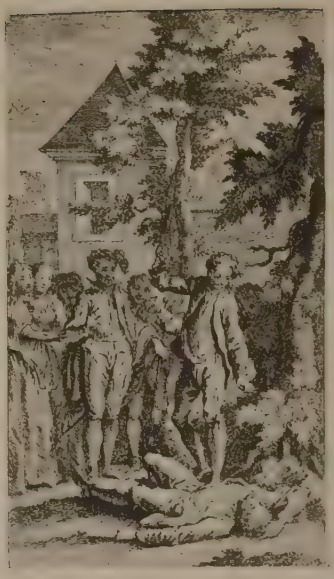
"KING HENRY VIII"

"HAMLET"

(From the copies in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS
EDITED BY NICOLAS ROWE (1709)

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA"



"AS YOU LIKE IT"

"THE TEMPEST"

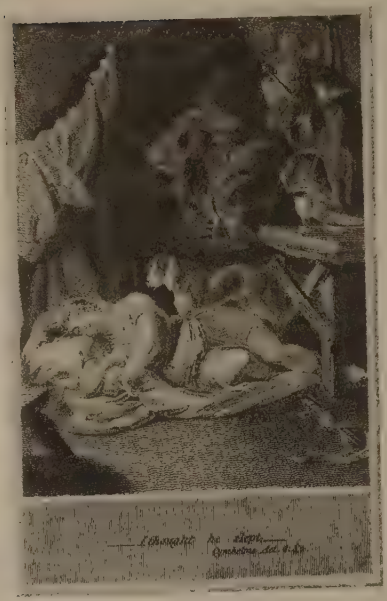
"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THEOBALD'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS (1752)

(From the copies in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

THOMAS KIRK (*Engd. by C. Warren and J. Neagle*)

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "COOKE'S BRITISH POETS—SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS" (1797)



ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE" (1811)

(*From a copy in the possession of Miss Winifred Auld*)

REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A. (*Engd. by P. J. Simon*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." ACT III, SC. 3
Mrs. Page: "Help to cover your master, boy"

REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A. (*Engd. by John Hall*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA." ACT I. SC. 2
Charmian: "Good Sir, give me good fortune"

REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A. (*Engd. by R. Rhodes*)

"ROMEO AND JULIET." ACT V. SC. 3
Juliet: "O happy dagger! This is thy sheath: there rust, and let me die"

(From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.)

REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A. (*Engd. by Robert Thew*)

(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Henry Percy Horne*)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." ACT II, SC. 1
Mrs. Ford: "*Why, this is the very same, the very hand, the very words*"

REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A. (*Engd. by J. Collyer*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"KING HENRY VIII." ACT V, SC. 5
Cranmer: "*This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—*"

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"KING HENRY VIII." ACT III. SC. 1
Queen Katharine: "Ye tell me what ye wish for both—my ruin"

REV. MATTHEW W. PETERS, R.A. *(Engd. by P. J. Simon)*

(From a colour-print in the possession of Mr. Basil Dighton)

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." ACT III, SC. 1.
Hero, Ursula and Beatrice

JOHN DOWNMAN, A.R.A. (*Engd. by W. Leney*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"AS YOU LIKE IT." ACT I. SC. 2
Rosalind: "Gentleman, wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune"

WILLIAM MILLER (*Engd. by G. S. and F. G. Facius*)

"ROMEO AND JULIET." ACT I. SC. 5
Romeo: "If I profane with my unworthiest hand This holy shrine"

(From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son)

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, R.A. (*Engd. by L. Sebiavonetti*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA." ACT V. SC. 4
Valentine: "Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch"

H. FUSELI, R.A. (*Engd. by P. J. Simon*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." ACT IV, SC. 1
Bottom : "Scratch my head, Peaseblossom"

H. FUSELI, R.A. (*Engd. by R. Rhodes*)

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." ACT III, SC. 1
Titania: "And I do love thee; therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee"

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

F. WHEATLEY, R.A. (*Engd. by J. Filler*

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

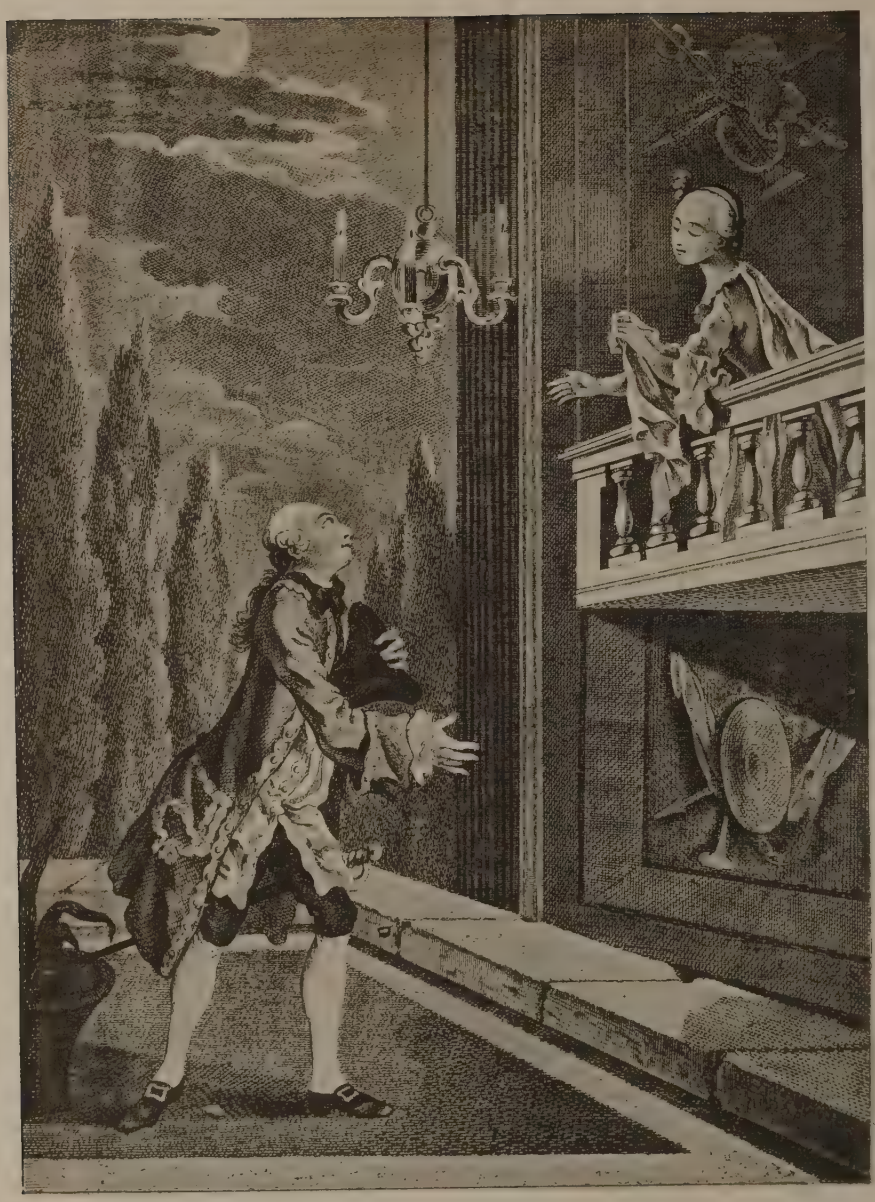
"THE WINTER'S TALE." ACT IV, SC. 4
Perdita : "For you there's rosemary and rue"

F. WHEATLEY, R.A. (*Engd. by G. S and F. G. Facius*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL." ACT V. SC. 3
Helena : "There is your ring ; And, look you, here's your letter"

R. PYLE (*Engd. by W. Elliott*)



"ROMEO AND JULIET." ACT II. SC. 2
Spranger Barry and Miss Nossiter as Romeo and Juliet (1759)

(From a print in the possession of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P.)

J. H. MORTIMER, A.R.A. (*Engd. by Val Green*)

(*From a mezzotint in the possession of Mr Burdett Coutts, M P*)

"KING JOHN." ACT V, SC. 3. *Powell, Bensley, and Smith as King John, Hubert, and Messenger* (1767)

F. WHEATLEY, R.A. (*Engd by J. R. Smith*)

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT IV, SC. 1. *Miss Younge, Dodd, Love, and Waldron as Viola, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian* (1774)

(*From a mezzotint in the possession of Mr Burdett-Coutts, M.P.*)

ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A. (*Engd. by P. J Simon*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." ACT I, SC. 1
Anne Page and Slender

ROBERT SMIRKE, R.A. (*Engd. by T. Ryder and C. G. Playter*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." ACT II, SC. 1
Elbow: "If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow"

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." ACT IV, SC. 2
Dogberry: "O, Villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this"

JAMES BARRY, R.A. (*Engd. by F. Legat*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"KING LEAR." ACT V, SC. 3
Lear: "*Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones*"

JOSIAH BOYDELL (*Engd. by Robert Thew*)

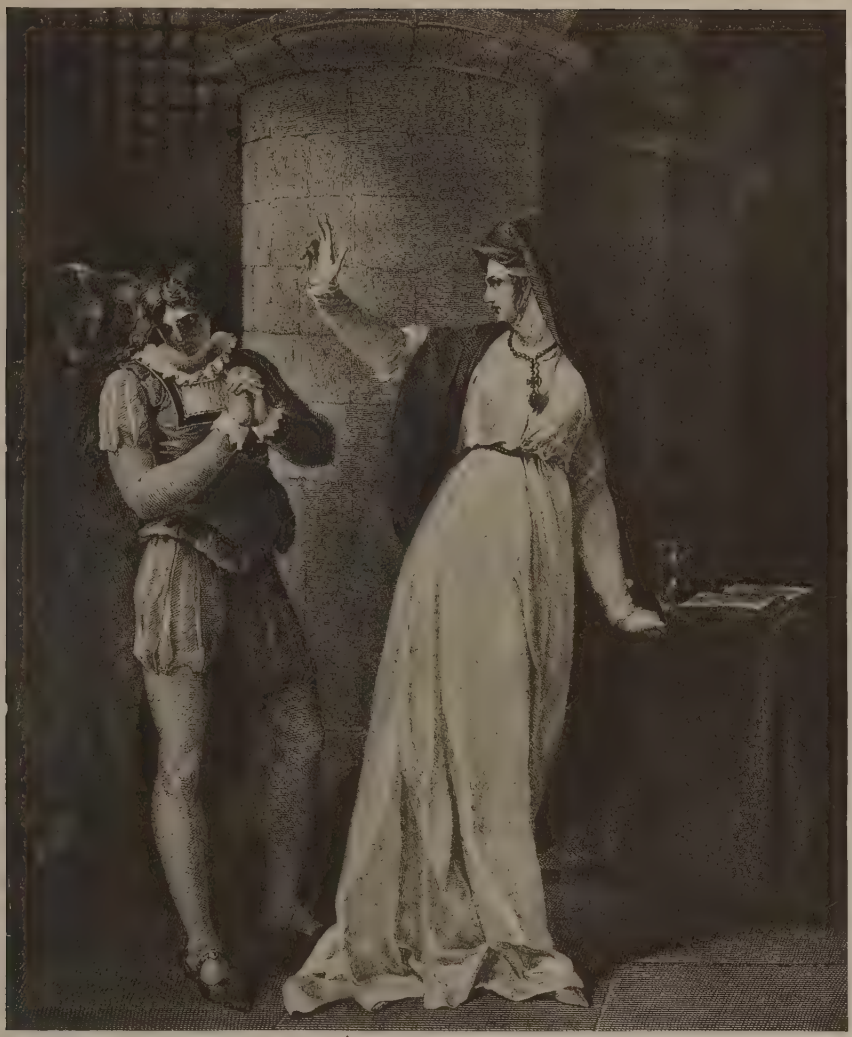
"KING HENRY IV," PART II. ACT IV, SC. 5
Prince Henry: "*Oh, pardon me, my liege!*"

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." ACT V, SC. 1
Lorenzo: "The moon shines bright; in such a night as this"

(From the drawing in the British Museum)

WILLIAM HAMILTON, R.A. (*Engd. by J. Fittler*)



(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." ACT III, SC. 1
Claudio: "*Death is a fearful thing.*"
Isabella: "*And shamed life a hateful.*"

WILLIAM HAMILTON, R.A. (*Engd. by Robert Thew*)

"THE WINTER'S TALE." ACT V. SC. 3
Leontes: "Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her"

(From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.)

H. BUNBURY (*Engd. by J. J. Vandenbergh*)

(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Francis Harvey*)

"ROMEO AND JULIET." ACT II. SC. 6
In Friar Laurence's Cell

H. BUNBURY (*Engd. by I. Chapman*)

(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Francis Harvey*)

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL." ACT III. SC. 5
Helena in the dress of a pilgrim

SIR A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A.

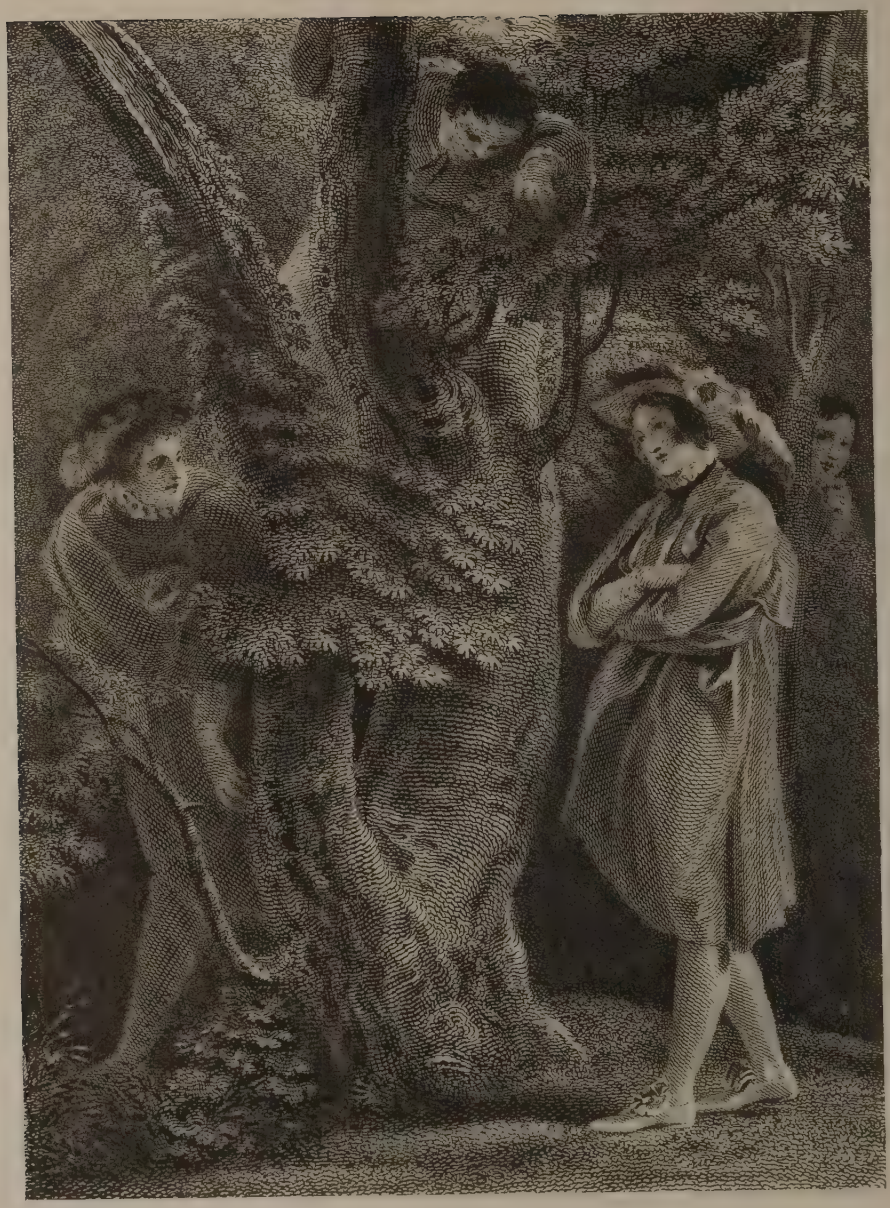
"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." ACT I. SC. I
Anne Page and Slender

(From the painting in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT III. SC. 4
Malvolio, Olivia, and Maria

(From the drawing in the British Museum)

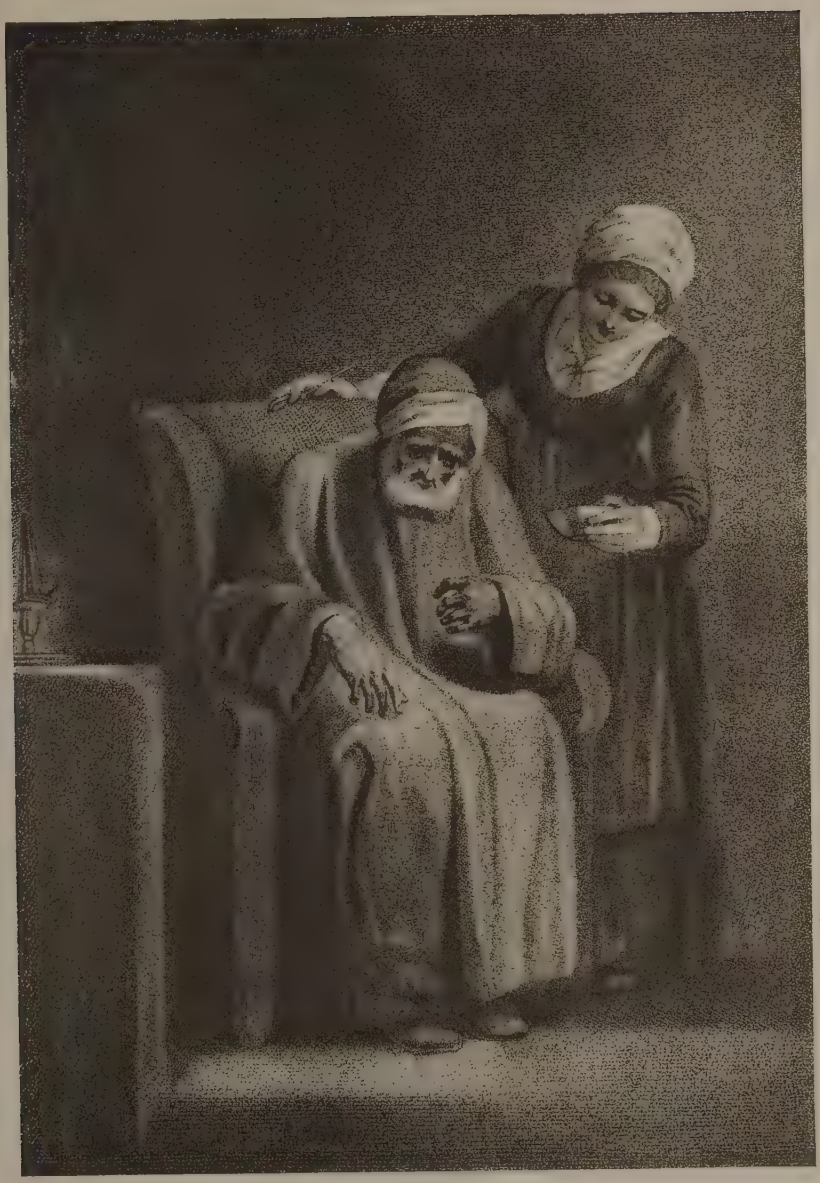
THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A. (*Engd. by J. Heath*)



"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST." ACT IV. SC. 3
Biron: "Like a demigod here sit I in the sky"

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A. (*Engd. by W. Bromley*)



(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"AS YOU LIKE IT." ACT II, SC. 7
"*Second childishness and mere oblivion,*
sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing"

J. H. RAMBERG (*Engd. by T. Ryder*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT III, SC. 4
Malvolio: "*Sweet lady, ho, ho*"

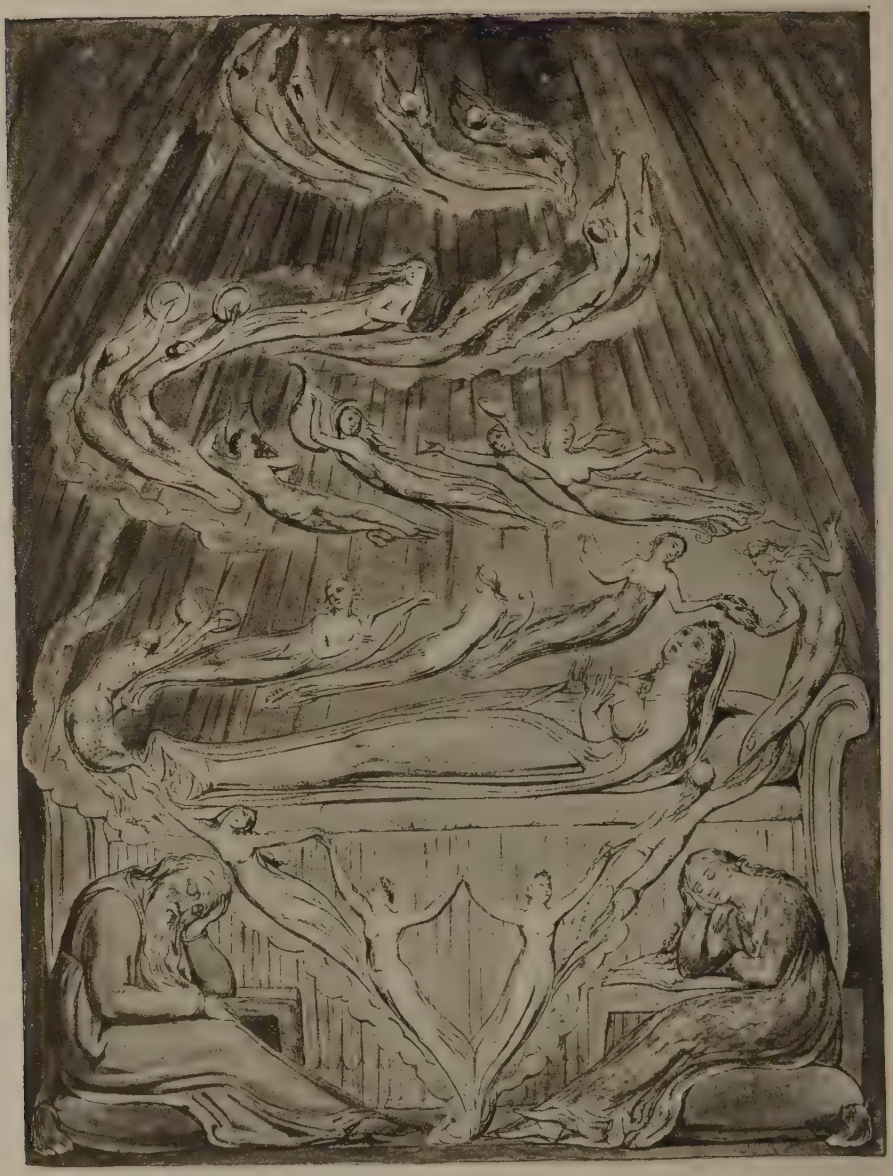
J. HOPPNER, R.A. (*Engd by Robert Thew*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. James Rimell and Son*)

"CYMBELINE." ACT III. SC. 4
Imogen : "Look ! I draw the sword myself"

(*From the drawing in the National Gallery of British Art*)

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." ACT IV, SC. 1
Oberon, Titania with Puck and Fairies dancing



"KING HENRY VIII." ACT IV. SC. 2
Queen Katharine's Dream

(From the drawing in the possession of Mr. George Macmillan)

JOHN OPIE, R.A. (*Engd. by Robert Thew*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"TIMON OF ATHENS." ACT IV, SC. 3
Timon : "Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant ; you are not oathable"

JOHN OPIE, R.A. (*Engd. by J. Fittler*)

"KING JOHN." ACT III, SC. 2
King John: "Hubert, keep this boy"

(From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.)

WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

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"AS YOU LIKE IT." ACT II. SC 7.
"The Seven Ages"

(From the painting in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

AUGUSTUS L. EGG, R.A. (*Engd. by B. Eyles*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

DESDEMONA
("*Othello*")

J. KENNY MEADOWS (*Engd. by H. Cook*)

MISTRESS FORD
("*The Merry Wives of Windsor*")

MARIA
("*Twelfth Night*")

(*From prints in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

JOHN HAYTER (*Engd. by H. Robinson*)

HELENA
("*All's Well that Ends Well*")

DESDEMONA
("*Othello*")

(*From prints in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

JOHN HAYTER (*Engd. by W. H. Mote*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

MIRANDA
("*The Tempest*")

J. J. JENKINS (*Engd. by H. Cook*)

PRINCESS OF FRANCE
("*Love's Labour's Lost*")

J. BOSTOCK (*Engd. by W. H. Mote*

CELIA
("*As You Like It*")

(*From prints in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

AUGUSTUS L. EGG, R.A. *(Engd. by W. J. Edwards)*

(From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.)

KATHARINA
("The Taming of the Shrew")

E. T. PARRIS (*Engd. by T. A. Dean*)

IMOGEN
(" *Cymbeline* ")

C. R. LESLIE, R.A. (*Engd. by W. H. Mote*)

PERDITA
" *The Winter's Tale* "

(*From prints in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

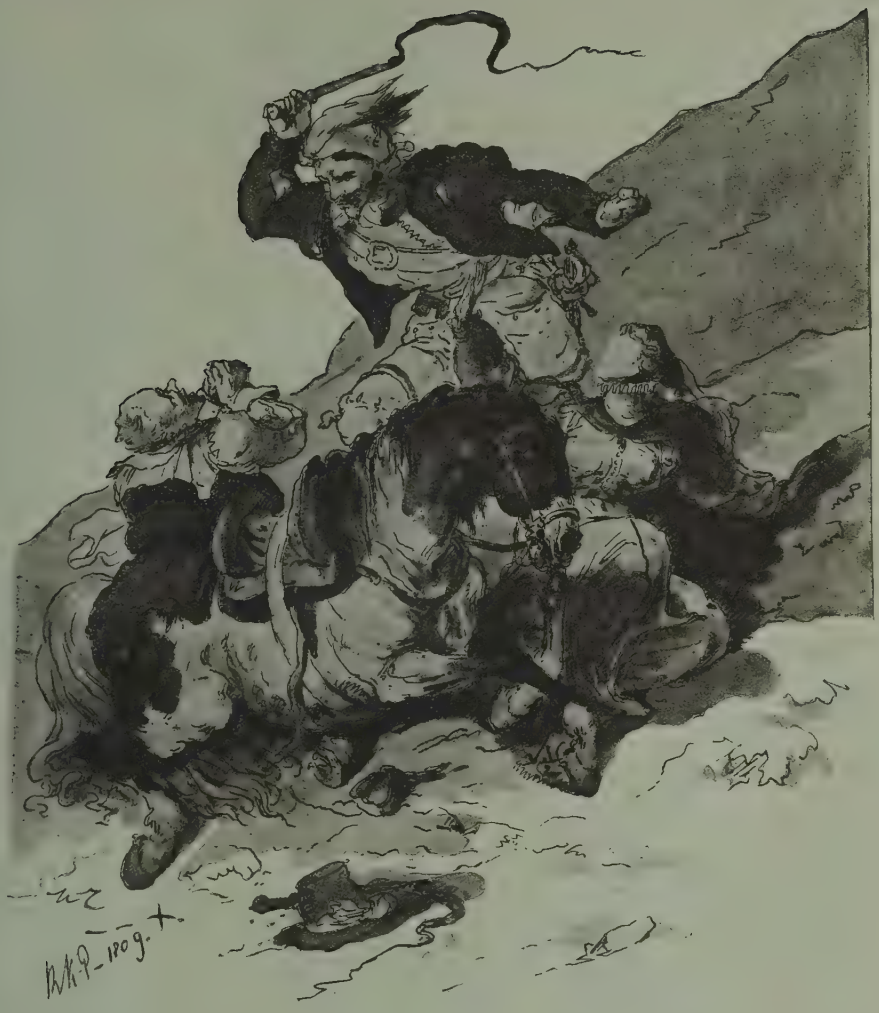
J. HERBERT, R.A. (*Engd. by W. H. Mote*)

QUEEN MARGARET
(" *King Henry VI* ")

A. E. CHALON, R.A. (*Engd. by H. Cook*)

LADY MACBETH
(" *Macbeth* ")

(*From prints in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)



(*From a drawing in the possession of Mr. George Macmillan*)

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." ACT IV, SC. 1
Grumio: ". . . how he beat me because her horse stumbled"

(*From the painting in the National Gallery of British Art*)

"HAMLET." ACT III, SC. 2. *The Play Scene*

Photo W. A. Mansell and Co.

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT III, SC. 4
Malvolio and the Countess

(From the painting in the National Gallery of British Art)

J. A. ATKINSON

From the drawing in the possession (of Mr. C. E. Thomas)

KING RICHARD III." ACT V. SC. 4
King Richard: "I think there be six Richmonds in the field; Five have I slain to-day, instead of him"

(*From a drawing in the possession of Mr. C. E. Thomas*)

"KING HENRY V." ACT IV, SC. 6
Exeter : "Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over, Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd"

R. P. BONINGTON (*Engd. by S. W. Reynolds*)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." ACT I, SC. 1
Anne Page and Slender

(*From a print in the British Museum*)

R. WESTALL, R.A. (*Engd. by T. Gaugain*)

(*From a print in the possession of Messrs. Robson and Co.*)

"CYMBELINE." ACT III, SC. 6
Imogen : "No answer ? then I'll enter"

(*From the drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum*)

"MACBETH." ACT II. SC. 2. *Lady Macbeth:* "*Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't*"

"MACBETH." ACT III. SC. 1
Macbeth instructing the murderers

(From the drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

Photo. Annan and Sons

(*From the painting in the National Gallery of Scotland*)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." ACT I. SC. 1
Anne Page and Slender

"KING HENRY IV." PART 2. ACT V. SC. 4
Doll Tearsheet and Mistress Quickly dragged off to prison by the Beadles

(From the drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

"HAMLET," ACT I, SC. 4
Hamlet: "Go on; I'll follow thee"

(From a lithograph in the British Museum)

(*From a lithograph in the British Museum*)

"HAMLET," ACT III, SC. 3
Hamlet: "Now, I might do it pat, now he is praying"

"HAMLET," ACT III, SC. 4
Hamlet: "Look here, upon this picture"

(From a lithograph in the British Museum)

C. R. LESLIE. R.A.

(From the painting in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

"THE WINTER'S TALE." ACT IV. SC. 4
Autolycus: "Here's one to a very doleful tune"

(*From the painting in the National Gallery of British Art*)

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR." ACT III, SC. 4
Anne Page: "Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself"

(*From the painting in the Victoria and Albert Museum*)

"THE WINTER'S TALE." ACT IV, SC. 4
Perdita : "O Proserpina, For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'st fall"

"OTHELLO." ACT III, SC. 3
Iago: "O, beware, my lord, of jealousy"

(From the drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum)

Photo. A. Rischgitz

(*From the painting in the Guildhall Art Gallery, London*)

"KING HENRY VIII." ACT I. SC. 1
Cardinal Wolsey going in procession to Westminster Hall

"KING RICHARD II." ACT IV. SC. 1
Richard II resigning the crown to Bolingbroke

(Reproduced by permission from the original in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool)

(*From the drawing in the National Gallery of British Art*)

"KING HENRY VIII." ACT I, SC. 1. *Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham*

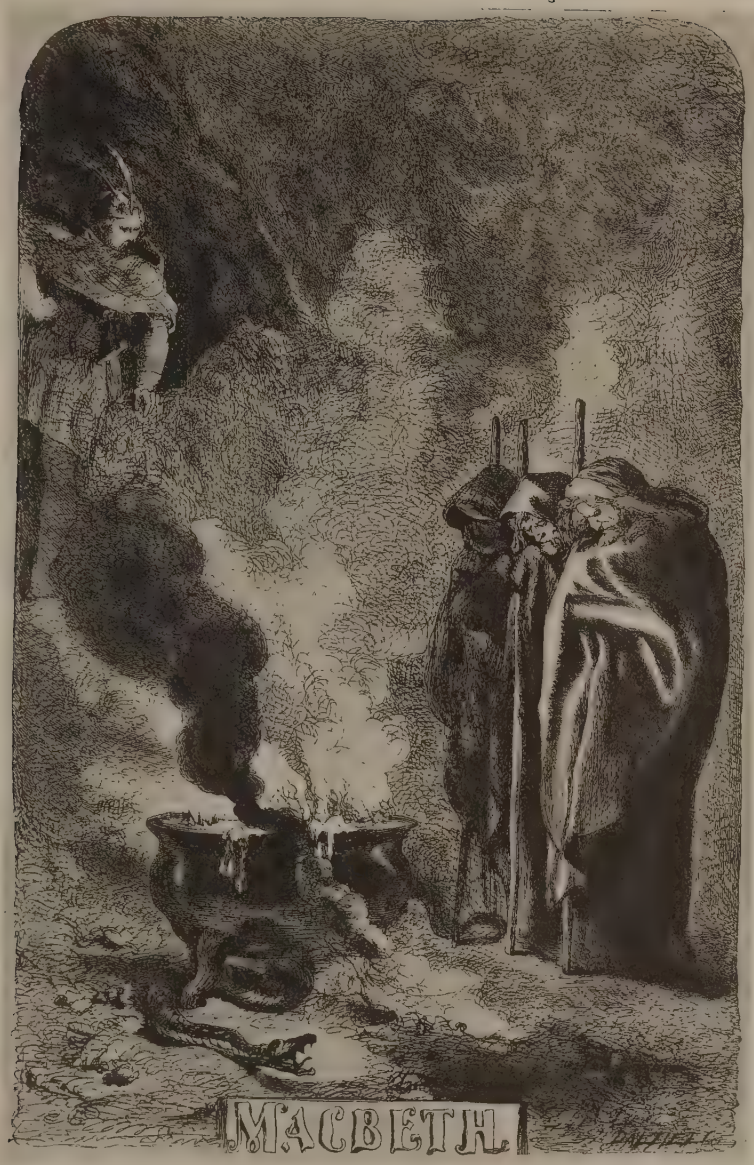


ILLUSTRATION FOR STAUNTON'S
"ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE" (1858)

ILLUSTRATION FOR STAUNTON'S
"ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE" (1858)

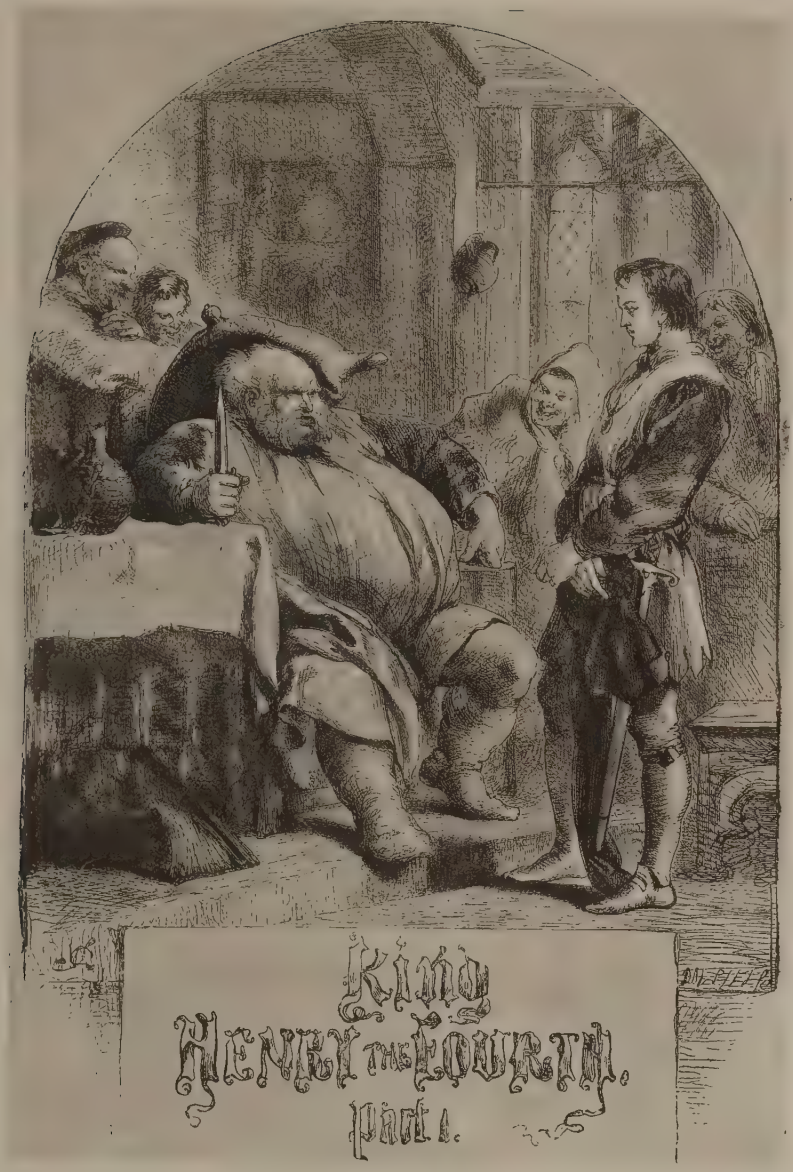


ILLUSTRATION FOR STAUNTON'S
"ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE" (1858)

ILLUSTRATION FOR STAUNTON'S
"ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE" (1858)

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

(*From the drawing in the Victoria and Albert Museum*)

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE." ACT III. SC. I.
Shylock, Salanio and Salarino

COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH,
AND IN SAD CYPRESS LET ME BE LAID;
FLY AWAY, FLY AWAY, BREATH;
I AM SLAIN BY A FAIR CRUEL MAID.
MY SHROUD OF WHITE, STUCK ALL WITH YEW,
O PREPARE IT.
MY PART OF DEATH NO ONE SO TRUE
DID SHARE IT.
NOT A FLOWER, NOT A FLOWER SWEET,
ON MY BLACK COFFIN LET THERE BE STROWN;
NOT A FRIEND, NOT A FRIEND GREET
MY POOR CORPSE, WHERE MY BONES SHALL BE THROWN:
A THOUSAND THOUSAND SIGHS TO SAVE,
LAY ME, O, WHERE
SAD TRUE LOVER NE'ER FIND MY GRAVE,
TO WEEP THERE.

(From "Songs of Shakespeare," illustrated by the Etching Club, 1843. From a proof in the possession of Colonel Walter C. Horsley, V.D.)

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT II, SC. 4
"Come away, come away, Death."

WHAT SHALL HE HAVE, THAT KILL'D THE DEER
HIS LEATHER SKIN, AND HORNS TO WEAR
THEN SING HIM HOME.
TAKE THOU NO SCORN, TO WEAR THE HORN:
IT WAS A CREST ERE THOU WAST BORN.
THY FATHER'S FATHER WORE IT
AND THY FATHER BORE IT
THE HORN, THE HORN, THE LUSTY HORN,
IS NOT A THING TO LAUGH TO SCORN

"AS YOU LIKE IT." ACT IV. SC. 2
The Forester's Song

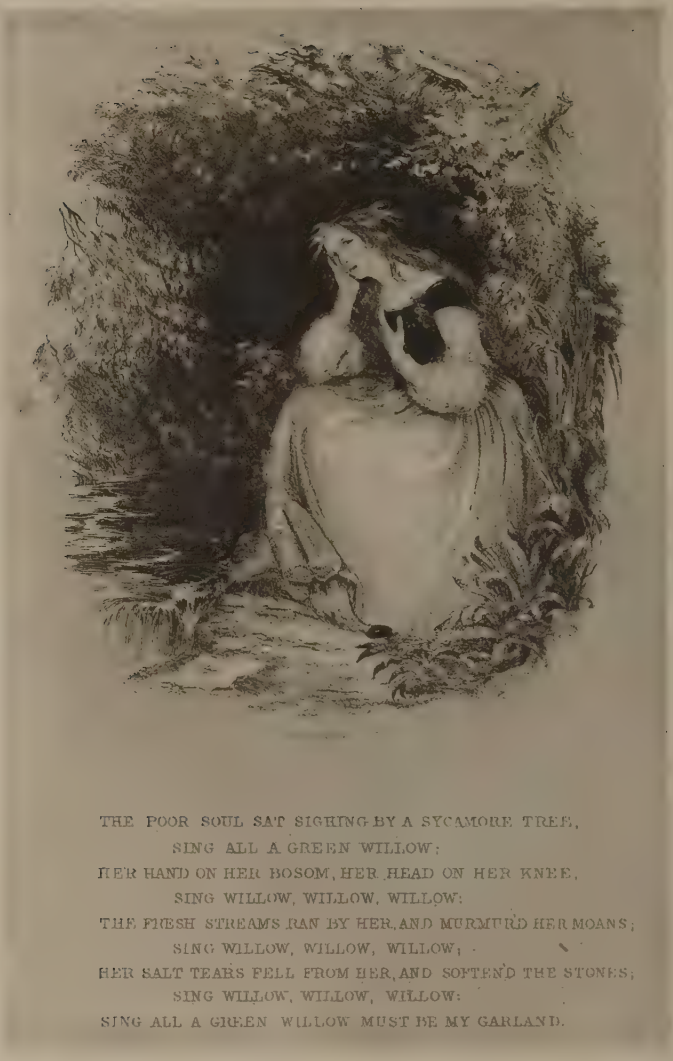
(From "Songs of Shakespeare," illustrated by the Etching Club, 1843. From a proof in the possession of Colonel Walter C. Horsley, U.D.)

C. W. COPE, R.A

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH
CANNOT LIVE TOGETHER;
YOUTH IS FULL OF PLEASANCE,
AGE IS FULL OF CARE;
YOUTH LIKE SUMMER MORN,
AGE LIKE WINTER WEATHER;
YOUTH LIKE SUMMER BRAVE,
AGE LIKE WINTER BARE.
YOUTH IS FULL OF SPORT,
AGE'S BREATH IS SHORT,
YOUTH IS NIMBLE, AGE IS LAME;
YOUTH IS HOT AND BOLD,
AGE IS WEAK AND COLD;
YOUTH IS WILD, AND AGE IS TAME.
AGE, I DO ABHOR THEE,
YOUTH, I DO ADORE THEE;
O, MY LOVE, MY LOVE IS YOUNG;
AGE, I DO DEFY THEE;
O, SWEET SHEPHERD, HIE THEE,
FOR METHINKS THOU STAY'ST TOO LONG.

(From "Songs of Shakespeare," illustrated by the Etching Club, 1843. From a proof in the possession of Colonel Walter C. Horsley, V.D.)

"YOUTH AND AGE"
The Passionate Pilgrim


THE POOR SOUL SAT SIGHING BY A SYCAMORE TREE,
SING ALL A GREEN WILLOW:
HER HAND ON HER BOSOM, HER HEAD ON HER KNEE,
SING WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW:
THE FRESH STREAMS RAN BY HER, AND MURMUR'D HER MOANS;
SING WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW;
HER SALT TEARS FELL FROM HER, AND SOFTEN'D THE STONES;
SING WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW:
SING ALL A GREEN WILLOW MUST BE MY GARLAND.

"OTHELLO." ACT IV. SC. 3
The Song of Poor Barbara

From "Songs of Shakespeare," illustrated by the Etching Club, 1843. From a proof in the possession of Colonel Walter C. Horsley, V.D.)

Photo. Annan and Sons

(*From the painting in the possession of Mr. Albert Wood*)

"KING LEAR." ACT I, SC. 1. *France:* "*Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor*"

Photo. A. Rischgitz

(*From the painting in the National Gallery, London*)

"KING LEAR." ACT IV, SC. 7. *Lear and Cordelia*

Photo. W. A. Mansell and Co.

"OTHELLO." ACT IV. SC. 3
Desdemona's Death Song

Photo. A. Rischgitz

(*From the drawing in the British Museum, London*)

"HAMLET." ACT III. SC. 1
Hamlet and Ophelia

Photo. W. A. Mansell and Co

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." ACT III. SC. 1
Isabella: "O, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for your deliverance as frankly as a pin"

(From the drawing in the possession of Mr. Charles Ricketts and Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A.)

(By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Birmingham)

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA." ACT V, SC. 4
Valentine: "Come, come, a hand from either"

(*From the painting in the possession of Mrs. Steele Roberts, Chirk*)

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT II, SC. 4
Clown : (*sings*) "*Come away, come away, death*"

J. B. C. COROT (*Etched by Laguillermie*)

"MACBETH," ACT I, SCENE II
First Witch. "*All hail, Macbeth!*"

(*From a print in the possession of Mr. Frank L. Emanuel*)

Photo. A. Rischgitz

(*From the painting in the Scottish National Gallery*)

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania

SIR J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A.

"THE TEMPEST." ACT I, SC. 2
Ariel: "Come unto these yellow sands"

(From a print in the possession of Miss Winifred Auld)

(*By permission of Messrs. Wallis and Son*)

"AS YOU LIKE IT." ACT III, SC. 3
Touchstone: "Doth my simple feature content you?"

(*By permission of Messrs. Wallis and Son*)

"KING HENRY IV." PART 1. ACT I, SC. 2
Falstaff: "Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap"

(*By permission of Messrs. Wallis and Son*)

"HAMLET." ACT III., SC. 1. *Hamlet and Ophelia*

SIR W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

(*By permission of Messrs. Wallis and Son*)

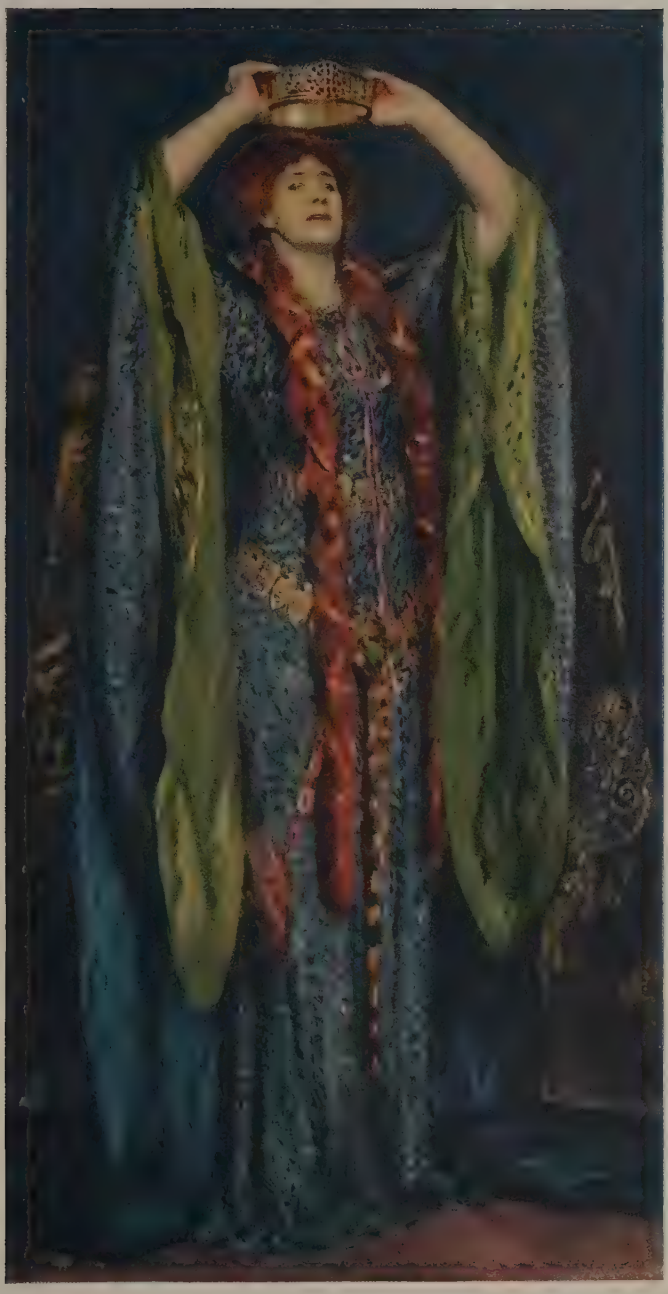
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." INDUCTION, SC. 2
First Servant: "Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?"

(*By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Manchester*)

"KING JOHN." ACT IV. SC. 1
Prince Arthur and Hubert

(*Reproduced by permission from the original in the possession of the Corporation of Liverpool*)

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT II, SC. 3
Clown: (*sings*) "*O mistress mine where are you roaming?*"



(*From the painting in the National Gallery of British Art*)

"MACBETH"
Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth

(*By permission of Mr. Arthur Bourchier*)

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
Shylock returning to his empty house

OLD ADAM
("*As You Like It*")

LEAR'S FOOL
("*King Lear*")

"HAMLET." ACT IV, SC. 5
Ophelia : (sings) "They bore him barefaced on the bier"

(By permission of the Publishers Messrs. Constable and Co.)

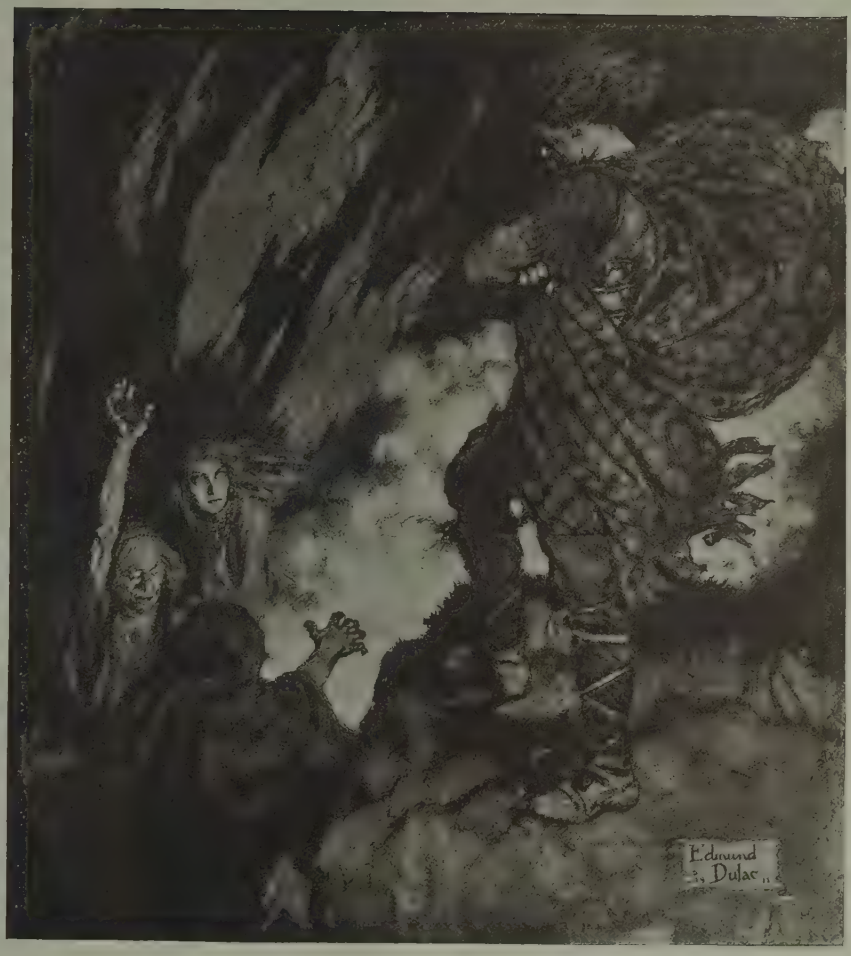
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." ACT I, SC. 2
Bottom : "I will move storms, I will condole in some measure"

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." ACT II, SC. 1
Puck: "And on her withered dewlap pour the ale"

(By permission of the Publishers Messrs. Constable and Co.)

(From the drawing in the National Gallery of British Art. By permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton)

"ROMEO AND JULIET." ACT. II. SC. 2
Juliet: "O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

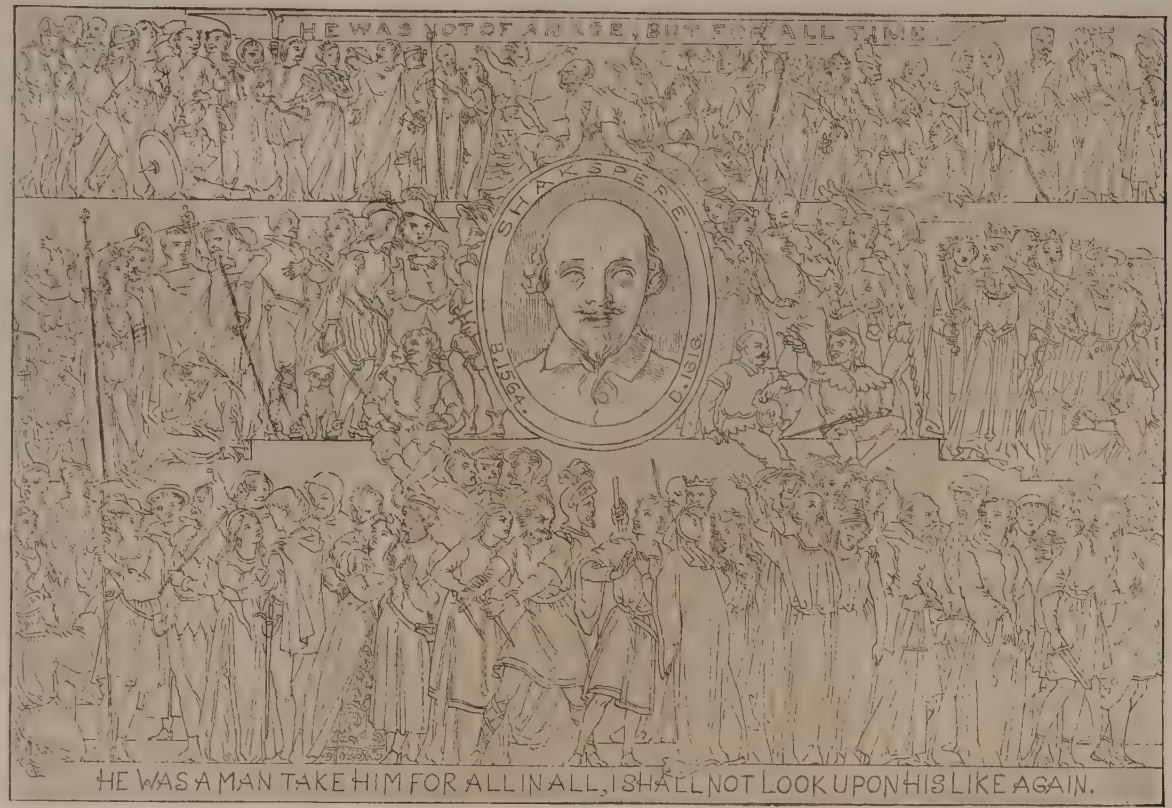


(*By permission of Sir Herbert Tree*)

"MACBETH." ACT IV. SC. 1
Macbeth: "How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!"

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT II, SC. 3
Sir Toby: "*A love-song, a love-song*"

"AS YOU LIKE IT." ACT III, SC. 3
Touchstone and Audrey


HE WAS NOT OF AN AGE, BUT FOR ALL TIME
SHAKSPERE
B. 1564
D. 1616
HE WAS A MAN TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL, I SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN.

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